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SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.*

THIS new book of travel commends itself by a certain freshness of style and truthfulness of thought which are quite delightful. It is the old story of first impressions of Italy, from Como to Capri, from Venice to Vesuvius, which has been told a thousand and one times before, but which, when well told, we are never tired of reading or hearing. A book of Italian travel cannot, of necessity, be enlivened by much that is novel or startling, unless the traveller's experience be more diversified by the adventurous and romantic than falls to the lot of the great mass of those who in *cultura* or diligence, or Mediterranean steamer, make the modern pilgrimage to Florence, Rome, and Naples. We expect nothing strange or new from such essays of authorship. We take it for granted that we are to be carried over the beaten track; we expect to be floated in funeral gondolas under the Rialto, and to be introduced to those veteran pigeons who inhabit the Piazza of St. Mark; we expect to find the Venus in the Tribune and the Apollo at the Vatican, just where we and the last book of travels left them; we are sure of renewing our acquaintance with the old guard of models on the Trinita di Monte; of playing over again the pranks of the carnival, and reviewing the marvels of Holy Week and Easter Sunday. The tourist who undertakes to palm off upon us anything different from the genuine "Six Months in Italy," such as we have spent there ourselves, and as hundreds of fortunate cosmopolites are now enjoying, is sure to be detected in the midst of his pretended novelties, and deserves to be exposed. The man who fancies he has made any new discoveries, or seen any strange sights in Italy, is unworthy of a moment's credit; his new wine is flat and unpalatable; but the old vintage, with its unmistakable aroma and native flavor, no matter who offers it, and how often, is always grateful and refreshing.

Mr. Hillard has sketched in a very happy series of reminiscences the most striking features of a winter's experience in Italy. There is good taste and a genial tone throughout the whole book; the results of much accurate observation appear continually; and, in the main, the views on art and works of art which it presents are well conceived and expressed.

Mr. Hillard makes a better use of the classics than most tourists do, or are able to do. Without any display of pedantry, he frequently gives evidence of that scholarship which is capable of enhancing so much the impressions, and of adding so much point to the descriptions of Italian art or manners. Thus, the famous statue of the knife-grinder in the Tribune, at Florence, seems to him the complete realization of one of those coarse, sturdy Romans, of everyday working-life, who figure in the scenes of Terence, and is thus to him a new revelation of the power of art, "worth a wilderness of unexpressive wood-nymphs and round-cheeked Bacchuses." Again, at Naples, our traveller finds room for speculation on the corrupted Grecian characteristics of the modern inhabitants of that dazzling but degenerated city; and he ends a well-drawn picture of Neapolitan life and

manners viewed in this aspect, with the happy remark that Naples is to Greece what the farces of the San Carlino are to the comedies of Aristophanes.

Mr. Hillard is a good-natured traveller, endeavoring to realize to the utmost the advantages of continental experience. He is determined to enjoy everything, and be satisfied with everything. In this happy frame he alights upon the Borromean islands, and admires even the monstrosities of that deformity amidst the beauties of Lago Maggiore. In the same good-natured spirit he finds the rationale of English insolence and cockneyism in Italy in a theory which makes them look more like grand virtues than the excess of snobism.

We give some of Mr. Hillard's pen and ink pictures, recommending the entire book, especially to those of our readers who have in prospect a tour in Italy. It is an excellent guide and commentary on the leading features of an Italian tour:—

VENETIAN ART.

"The cynical Forsyth remarks of the Venetian school of painting, that 'with all its coloring and fidelity to nature, it seems deplorably vacant of interest, drama, mind, and historical truth.' A stranger judgment in art was never spoken. No 'mind,' no 'interest' in Titian; no 'drama,' that is 'dramatic power' in Paul Veronese; no 'historical truth' in Tintoretto and Bellini! In Venice, especially, Titian is in his glory, revelling in his amber and crimson splendors, and filling his canvas with light and power. In technical merit, in the excellencies which are peculiar to painting, and not shared with it in common with the other fine arts, this great painter seems to me to have no superior, hardly a rival. From the evidence furnished by his pictures, we may safely infer that he was a man of a gay and joyous temperament, free from anything morbid or ascetic; enjoying the world, but not subdued by it; enamored of his profession, and with the manners and sentiments of a gentleman. The dignity of his men, and the imperial splendor of his women, are full of the air of high breeding, of a courtesy at once lofty and gentle. We may be assured that no man who ever sat to Titian, however high his rank, ventured to take a liberty with him. He is usually esteemed the first of portrait painters, and if I do not confirm the judgment, it is because as between him and Vandyke I am not competent to hold the scales. It is true, that he who values art solely as the expression of spiritual sentiment, will turn away with coldness from the splendid canvas of Titian. He was evidently well content with the earth on which he lived, and with the forms and faces he found there. His men are not rapt enthusiasts, pining for ideal worlds, but beings full of physical and intellectual life, whose passionate and exuberant energies accident might direct into the channels of glory or of crime. His old men are full of the dignity of success, and his young men shine in the light of hope and of courage. The beauty of his women is of the earth, but compounded of the finest elements that earth can furnish, and flowing from that warm life which waves in the golden locks, beams in the impassioned glances, glows through the sunny cheek, and floats around the luxurious form. His paintings never give the impression of effort, but refresh the eye and the spirit with a sense of repose. They bear the inevitable stamp of easy and unconscious power. It was as natural, as little difficult for him to paint, as for a beautiful person to look beautiful. Every book upon art praises the coloring of Titian, but they who have never seen his pictures are hardly aware of the extent to

which the coloring of Titian comes from and speaks to the mind. Between him and Reubens, in this respect, the difference is like that between autumn and spring. The pictures of Reubens remind one of a flower-garden, glittering with dew, in a June morning; those of Titian are like one of our own golden sunsets in autumn, seen through a thick screen of scarlet maples. In Reubens, coloring is more of an external charm; in Titian, more of an essential quality.

"It is a compliment to a picture to say of it that it produces the impression of the actual scene. In Venice, the paintings of Titian and of the Venetian artists generally exact from the traveller a yet higher tribute, for the hues and forms around him constantly remind him of their works. It is curious and instructive to trace the natural relation of cause and effect between the atmosphere and scenery of Venice, and the peculiar characteristics of the Venetian school. Under the circumstances in which we usually see the landscape, the earth absorbs a considerable portion of the light which falls from the heavens, but in Venice everything multiplies and increases it. The sea is a wide and glittering mirror, and every ripple and wave, and oar blade, like the facets of a gem, breaks and scatters the incident ray. The rich marble fronts of the palaces lend themselves to the same results. Thus the air in Venice seems saturated with sunbeams, and the shadows themselves are only veiled and softened lights. Such an atmosphere seems to demand a corresponding style of dress, decoration, and architecture. Gilding and polished marble, which, under the gray sky and in the watery light of England, would seem tawdry, are here necessary embellishments. The richest and brightest colors, red, yellow, and purple, content the eye from their being so in unison with the dazzling and luminous medium through which everything is seen. The Venetian painters were evidently diligent students of the nature that was around them. They have transferred to their canvas all the magic effects produced by the combination of air, light, and water. There are pictures by Titian so steeped in golden splendors, that they look as if they would light up a dark room like a solar lamp.

"The pictures which are to be seen in the academy are a tempting theme, but I will not descant upon them. It is very easy to transcribe the emotions which paintings awaken, but it is no easy matter to say why a picture is so painted, as that it must awaken certain emotions. Many persons feel art; some understand it; but few both feel and understand it. But there is an element of compensation in all things. The want of a nicely critical skill in art is not on all accounts to be regretted. When I stood before Titian's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' and felt as if lifted off my feet by the power and beauty of that incomparable picture, I could not lament that I did not see the slight imperfections in drawing and design which more trained and more fastidious eyes detect in it.

"The works of Paul Veronese are not of the highest merit by any means, but they are valuable as illustrations of Venetian life and manners. There is a large picture of his, occupying one end of a room in the academy, the 'Supper at the House of Levi,' which is a fair specimen of his excellences and defects. It wants imagination, depth of feeling, and spiritual beauty, and there is a touch of the upholsterer in its conception and treatment. It is, moreover, historically untrue, with no Jewish or oriental features in it, but is really a splendid entertainment in Venice, with Venetian noblemen and women for guests. But though other pictures are more admirable, few are more fascinating than this. Its power over the spectator is quite magnetic. There

* Six Months in Italy. By George Stillman Hillard. In vols. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1883.

is such brilliant coloring, such admirable perspective, such depth and transparency of atmosphere, such life and movement, that the longer you look upon it, the more it seems like a real scene. You begin to wonder that the servants linger so long upon the stairs, and that the impatient master, who seems to be quickening their steps, does not rejoin his guests. Even its anachronisms have now a value of their own, since the time of the event and the time of the picture are equally to us in the remote past. It is true that it is not Judea, but it is a most living Venice. These were the men, the politic sages, the accomplished noblemen, the gallant soldiers, that upheld so long the state of Venice, and bore her winged lion over so many lands and seas. These were the superb and impassioned women to whom their vows were breathed, and at whose feet their laurels were laid. Such pictures are historical in more senses than one. They have an authentic value as records, and are silent contemporary witnesses to the splendor and glory of Venice."

RUINS IN ROME.

"The traveller who visits Rome with a mind at all inhabited by images from books, especially if he come from a country like ours, where all is new, enters it with certain vague and magnificent expectations on the subject of ruins, which are pretty sure to end in disappointment. The very name of a ruin paints a picture upon the fancy. We construct at once an airy fabric which shall satisfy all the claims of the imaginative eye. We build it of such material that every fragment shall have a beauty of its own. We shatter it with such graceful desolation that all the lines shall be picturesque, and every broken outline traced upon the sky shall at once charm and sadden the eye. We wreath it with a becoming drapery of ivy, and crown its battlements with long grass, which gives a voice to the wind that waves it to and fro. We set it in a becoming position, relieve it with some appropriate background, and touch it with soft, melancholy light—with the mellow hues of a deepening twilight, or, better still, with the moon's idealizing rays.

"In Rome, such visions, if they exist in the mind, are rudely dispelled by the touch of reality. Many of the ruins in Rome are not happily placed for effect upon the eye and mind. They do not stand apart in solitary grandeur, forming a shrine for memory and thought, and evolving an atmosphere of their own. They are often in unfavorable positions, and bear the shadow of disenchanting proximities. The tide of population flows now in different channels from those of antiquity, and in far less volume; but Rome still continues a large capital, and we can nowhere escape from the debasing associations of actual life. The trail of the present is everywhere over the past. The forum is a cattle-market strewn with wisps of hay, and animated with bucolical figures that never played upon the pipe of Tityrus, or taught the woods to repeat the name of Amaryllis. The per villa of an English gentleman has intruded itself into the palace of the Cæsars—as discordant an object to a sensitive Idealist as the pink parasol of a lady's-maid, which put to flight the reveries of some romantic traveller under the shadow of the great pyramid. The Temple of Antonius Pius is turned into the custom-house. The mausoleum of Augustus is encrusted with paltry houses, like an antique coin embedded in lava, and cannot even be discovered without the help of a guide. The beautiful columns of the Theatre of Marcellus—Virgil's Marcellus—are stuck upon the walls of the Orsini Palace, and defaced by dirty shops at the base. Ancient grandeur is degraded to sordid modern uses. 'Mummy is

become merchandize; Mizraim cures wounds and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

"To most men, ruins are merely phenomena, or, at most, the moral of a tale; but to the antiquary they are texts. They have a secondary interest, founded upon the employment they have given to the mind, and the learning they have called forth. We value everything in proportion as it awakens our faculties, and supplies us with an end and an aim. The scholar, who finds in a bath or a temple a nucleus for his vague and divergent reading to gather around, feels for it something like gratitude as well as attachment; for though it was merely a point of departure, yet, without it, the glow and ardor of the chase would not have quickened his languid energies into life. Scott, in his introduction to the "Monastery," has described with much truth as well as humor the manner in which Capt. Clutterbuck became interested in the ruins of Kenilworth—how they supplied him with an object in life, and how his health of body and mind improved the moment he had something to read about, think about, and talk about. Every ruin in Rome has had such devoted and admiring students, and many of these shapeless and mouldering fabrics have been the battle-grounds of antiquarian controversy, in which the real points at issue have been lost in the learned dust which the combatants have raised. The books which have been written upon the antiquities of Rome would make a large library; but when we walk down, on a sunny morning, to look at the Basilica of Constantine, or the Temple of Nerva, we do not think of the folios which are slumbering in the archives of the Vatican, but only of the objects before us."

VALLEY OF EGERIA.

"About a mile from the Porta San Sebastiano is a pretty pastoral valley or gorge, as quiet and secluded as if in the heart of the Apennines. On one side is a wooded hill, crowned with the ruins of a temple of Bacchus; and on the other, at some distance, a gentle elevation on which there is a graceful structure which some call a temple and some a tomb. This is the Valley of Egeria—the spot where Numa met his shadowy counsellor. We must draw near to it in the spirit of faith, and let no clouds of doubt darken its tranquil beauty. We look around for the fountain by the side of which the lovers sat and talked, expecting to see something in unison with the simple grace of the tradition; a natural spring of pure water, clasped by a margin of green, overshadowed by a tree, and flowing away with a murmur so low as only to be heard in the pauses of speech. But such is not the fountain of Egeria, as we see it; and unless he be forewarned, the romantic traveller will experience a slight shock of disappointment. The fountain, so-called, is a vaulted grotto, scooped out of the hill-side, lined and floored with brick, with three niches on either side, and a larger one at the extremity, containing a mutilated statue. At this extremity the water flows through a slender orifice, and is received into a small shell-like basin, from which, falling upon the floor, it glides down into the valley, and, swelled by tributaries from the moist soil, forms a rivulet, takes the name of the Almo, and finally mingles with the Tiber. The vigorous productiveness of nature has long struggled, and not unsuccessfully, with the intrusive works of man's hand. The walls are overgrown with moss and evergreen and trailing plants; all drawing an exuberant life from the water which oozes and drops around and upon them.

"The legend of Numa is one of the most genuine flowers of poetry that ever started from the hard rock of the Roman mind. It is the symbol of a truth which Psychology

teaches and history confirms, that periods of solitary self-communion are necessary preparations for the claims and duties of active life; and that he who would influence men permanently and for good must draw alike from the depths of his own spirit, and from the inspiration of a power higher than himself, his elements of encouragement and support. The strength that comes from self-contest, and the patience that springs from self-discipline alone, gives to the movements of the mind that tranquil power which is most likely to win success because it is best prepared to encounter failure.

"I visited the valley and grotto of Egeria with a party, most of whom were young, and some of whom were beautiful. The painter who had wished to embody his visions of the airy nymph need not have wandered from the spot on that occasion; for we could have furnished him with faces which breathed alike the purity and the loveliness of that conception of the rugged heart of old Rome. Thus surrounded, it was not difficult to feel the genius of the place in all its power. But the mood of the hour was drawn rather from youth and hope than from traditional memories and the solemn shadows of the past. The silence was broken by playful speech and unromantic laughter; but the deep-souled Numa himself would not have frowned upon the smiles which were the natural language of hearts as innocent as they were gay. A shower that broke upon us as we walked home was borne with invincible good humor; and such of us as were old enough to speculate, could not but draw the moral that such cheerful spirits and such sunny tempers would go far towards making up a domestic Egeria."

ROME AND NAPLES COMPARED.

"Rome and Naples, though only about a hundred and thirty miles apart, and inhabited by a population of the same faith, the same language, and of kindred blood, are singularly unlike. Rome is situated in the midst of a sombre plain, is without foreign commerce, is the capital of an ecclesiastical state, and overshadowed by the solemn memories of a great past. From these and other external influences, and perhaps from some of those primitive and inexplicable peculiarities in the organization of the inhabitants themselves, there is a general air of gravity and silence in the streets, and in the countenances of those who frequent them. The light from the sky seems absorbed by the gloomy walls of the narrow passages upon which it falls; and at night the dim lamps are mere guiding-points to the eye, with but faint illuminating power. The absence of loud noises of any kind is remarkable. There are no heavily-laden carts or drays thundering over the pavements, no huge omnibuses lumbering along. The carts which come in from the country are either lightly constructed or move at a slow pace. The sound of the human voice does not gather and swell in large streams. Ecclesiastics glide along without speaking, foreigners and artists do their talking in the cafés, the peasants from the country do not seem to be a very chatty race, and even the beggars are not clamorous in their approaches.

"Naples, on the contrary, situated in a region of varied and smiling beauty, is full of life, movement, and gaiety. To the swarm of unthinking ephemera that hum and dart in the sunshine, the present is everything and the past is nothing; nor indeed is there anything in the past history of Naples, as compared with its present state, to throw a shadow on the brow of the most sensitive patriot. There is no ghost of departed power and glory to rise up and frown upon the giddy gaiety of a thoughtless race. In Naples, the outward aspect of the earth, sea, and sky, have passed

into the spirit of man, and kindled it to a genial emulation with nature. The better classes are fond of showy colors in their dress. Soldiers in gay uniforms take the place of ecclesiastics in Rome. That taste for rich and gorgeous splendor which we notice as characteristic of the African race, sheds its influence over the city upon which the wind from Africa so often blows. In Naples, too, the silence of Rome is displaced by a roar of voices. Everybody talks in a loud tone, and enforces his words with the most animated gestures. This universal and fundamental sound is varied by the rattling of the rapid carriages and the shouts of the open-air dealers in eatables and other articles, stationary or itinerant, till the whole air overflows with the uproar.

"In Rome, the influence of external nature being less powerful and attractive, men have turned their thoughts inward and have created or collected forms of beauty in architecture, sculpture and painting. In Naples, the world in the open air has taken such hold upon the senses, and woven such a net of fascination around the facile nature of the people, that it has prevented that discipline and devotion of mind which make the artist. Art is a reproduction and not an imitation of Nature. The forms of the world must be turned into shape in the artist's mind, before they can appear as creations. Naples and its neighborhood are so lovely that there is no room for the ideal. There is so much to be enjoyed that there is no time for study. It is a curious fact, that Naples has produced but one great landscape-painter, Salvator Rosa, and that his inspiration was drawn, not from the characteristic scenery of Naples, but from the wooded mountains of La Cava and Nocera. No Neapolitan painter has ever warmed his canvas with the pearly lights of Cnyp, or spread over it the aerial gold of Claude Lorraine. In this, as in so many other things, successful work is the result of a due proportion between the task and the instrument. Southey, whose literary industry was so remarkable within the range of his own library, said, that he should never have accomplished anything, if his energies had been buried under the vast stores of the British Museum. The Dutch painter, who, when he looked out of the window, saw a meadow, a windmill, a willow-tree hanging over a brook, or a rainy sunset behind a row of trees, felt himself competent to grapple with such themes, and set himself to work accordingly; but what artist would not fold his hands in despair before the glories of a sunset in the bay of Naples?

"In personal appearance, so far as my own observation went, the advantage is decidedly with the Romans. There are more fine faces in the latter city, and generally a higher expression and loftier carriage. I noticed a great many countenances in Naples, especially among women, which were repulsive from their strong stamp of animal coarseness. Sensual mouths, large and impudent noses, and rough, vinous complexions were common; and the effect of these personal disadvantages was generally enhanced by a filthy and slatternly attire. In Rome, there is much of quiet dignity observable in the manner of the common people met with in the streets. In Naples, the general characteristic is excessive mobility both of body and face. The play of countenance is rapid and incessant. Two ragged idlers talk on the Chiaja with gestures so animated and glowing that an orator might study them with profit. We feel, as we walk along the streets, that multitudes of first-rate comic actors are here running to waste. In Rome, in spite of all the changes of time and the blows of fate, there is still an indefinable something which recalls the old Roman aspect and spirit, but in Naples, everything indicates a corrupted Greek mind and character; vivacity that has passed

into buffoonery; a love of beauty that has degenerated into sensuality and voluptuousness; quickness that has become restlessness, and susceptibility that has declined into impatience. Naples is to Greece what the farces of the San Carlino are to the comedies of Aristophanes.

"The virtues of the lower orders of the Neapolitans are said to be good-humor and temperance, and, under certain qualifications, honesty. That is to say, a Neapolitan lazzarone will scrupulously account for the money which is entrusted to him, from a sense of honor, but will not hesitate to pick a pocket when under no such restraint. Pocket-picking is a very common accomplishment here, and handkerchiefs, especially, are apt to take to themselves wings and fly away. Young lads shew a great deal of dexterity in this form of abstraction, though they act, probably, quite as much from the love of mischief as from confirmed dishonesty.

"It is the misfortune of Naples, that while the upper classes are corrupted with the worst vices of civilization, and the lower orders lead a life of somewhat savage unrestraint and lawless abandonment to their instincts, the middle and industrious class—which generally acts as a moral check and counterpoise to the two extremes—is here smaller and less influential than in the other cities of the first class in Europe. Of course, I have no personal knowledge of the upper classes in Neapolitan society; but that they are, with many marked exceptions, worthless and corrupt, is the general verdict passed upon them by competent observers. The soft climate of Naples has melted away the two great guardian virtues, in which the security for all the others resides; valor in man, and chastity in woman. The lower orders, as seen in the streets, seem to be a strange combination of the man and the child; propelled by the passions of maturity, but with as little of prudent forecast as the inmates of a nursery. In their verb there is but one tense, and that is the present. There can be no doubt that there is great suffering among the poorer classes of Naples, though life can be sustained on so little. The burden of cold, which is so great an element of wretchedness in northern capitals, is there hardly felt at all; but many lives are unquestionably shortened by hunger in a land that so teems with plenty. The childlike unconcern for the future, of which I have before spoken, lies at the bottom of this. Marriages are contracted most heedlessly and improvidently, with no provision for a rainy day; and the poor children that are thus called into being, are born to a life of wretchedness and poverty, from which, however, they draw no warnings of experience, but they, in their turn, having scrambled along to maturity, through rags and hunger, repeat the heedless folly of their parents, and thus transmit the inheritance of misery.

"The Neapolitans are said to be an indolent race, but here, as in many other places, it is difficult to say how much of this indolence is to be ascribed to a distaste for labor, and how much to want of motive and opportunity. We are apt to make rash judgments on this point. The Irish, for instance, are often accused of indolence in their own country; but we know that with us they are a hard-working race. The reason is, that a new set of impulses is waked to life upon our soil, and that the natural instincts of accumulation and progress become propelling powers. There is a great deal of idleness in Naples, and the heat of the climate is in some degree its cause and its excuse. But when we see the careful and laborious cultivation under which the whole neighborhood smiles, how every available square foot is made use of, and with what pains all fertilizing substances are gathered and

saved; when we note the constant industry of the sailors who navigate the little crafts that ply about the bay, and have learned how cheaply their services may be secured; when we observe men panting under a heavy load to the top of Vesuvius, in the hope of selling a few oranges and bottles of wine, we may be led to pause and ask if the indolence of the Neapolitans is not, in some degree, their misfortune as well as their fault. Naples suffers from over-population, and there is neither employment nor food for all who seek them. Agriculture is limited by the surface of the soil, and commerce and manufactures are regulated by the wants of the inhabitants and the consequent extent of consumption. But it takes but little to support life in Naples, and the consumption is consequently much less than among the same number of persons in northern latitudes. That moral element which submits to present sacrifices for the sake of future good, without which neither men nor communities can ever be in a progressive condition, exerts but a feeble sway over the mind of the lower orders of the Neapolitans. And yet, if these grown-up children, these civilized savages, were suddenly transplanted to New Orleans or Baltimore, and were told that they might be sure of a dollar for every day's work, and of work for every day, they would probably become the subjects of a moral reformation; would grow provident and thoughtful, put their money into savings banks, and come under the control of Malthus's preventive check."

ENGLISH IN ITALY.

"An interesting historical essay might be written on the causes which have changed the old Roman character into the modern Italian. The points of resemblance are few; the points of difference many and marked. The Roman was stern, downright, and concentrated; the Italian is sensitive, impassioned, and expansive. The Romans had great organizing and aggregating power; not only distributing the members of a single state in the harmonious degrees of civil society, but setting separate states into an imperial mosaic of symmetry and beauty. In modern Italian history we see vivid individual development more than combined force, and the fervid energies of isolated communities wasted in passionate struggles with each other. The hard and uniform Romans submitted themselves to be bound together like the rods of the consular fasces, but the sharper and more salient idiosyncracies of the Italians forbid such absorption. The interpretation of the Romans is found in law and order; of the Italians, in beauty and art. The Latin language is masculine, robust, energetic, and lapidary: Latin literature is earnest, formal, dignified, and cold; rather to be characterized by negatives than by positives, for it is not imaginative, not inventive, not dramatic. The Italian language is feminine, flexible, and elastic; soft as air and flowing as water; yielding to the finest touch, and floating lightly round the most aerial forms of fancy. Italian literature is full of rich invention, airy beauty, wild wit, gay humor, passionate feeling. It is playful, imaginative, tender, and graceful. The change from ancient Rome to modern Italy, from strength to softness, and from power to emotion, has suggested to Landor an image of great beauty:—

There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; as the feet
Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day."

"The Trasteverini, who dwell on the right bank of the Tiber, as is well known, claim to have a larger share of the Roman blood than their neighbors on the other side of the stream. They hold their heads higher and walk with larger strides, in that belief. In sober truth, there is very little to support their claim to

the blood of old Rome, and still less to its spirit. These excitable and explosive people shew, in their boasting tongues and jealous tempers, that exaggeration of self, the freedom from which was the corner-stone of Roman greatness. Hands that stab women with knives will never support the fabric of a great state.

"But the legitimate descendants of the old Romans, the true inheritors of their spirit, are still to be found in Rome; and in no inconsiderable numbers. In the morning, they may be seen in Monaldini's reading-room, poring over the *Times* or *Galignani*, galloping over the Campagna, driving about the streets and never looking to the right hand or to the left, or gathering in groups in the Piazza di Spagna to hear the last news from home. In the afternoon, they betake themselves to the Pincio, and for a certain season pace up and down its gravelled terrace with vigorous strides, their faces wearing a look of determined resolve, as if the constitution of their country, as well as their own, would suffer if they lost their daily walk. They are not more distinguished from the Italians by their brown hair and ruddy complexions, than by the depth of their chests, the breadth of their shoulders, the firmness of their step, and the energy of their movement. They stalk over the land as if it were their own. There is somewhat downright and uncompromising in their air. They have the natural language of command, and their bearing flows from the proud consciousness of undisputed power.

"The English, indeed, are the true Romans. The magnificent lines—in which the national pride of Virgil makes the inferiority of his countrymen in art, eloquence, and science, an element of lofty commendation—are at this day applicable to the sons of those painted Britons who stood in the poet's mind as the most obvious types of all that was remote, uncouth, and barbarous. They, like the Romans, are haughty to the proud and forbearing towards the weak. They force the mood of peace upon nations that cannot afford to waste their strength in unprofitable war. They are law-makers, road-makers, and bridge-makers. They are penetrated with the instinct of social order, and have the organ of political constructiveness. The English, too, as a general rule, are not at home in the region of art. They are either not sensitive to the touch of beauty, or affect not to be. Their artists are wanting in ideal grace and depth of sentiment. The manly genius of the nation disdains the tricks and colors of rhetoric. Their common speech is abrupt; and their public discourse, plain, business-like, and conversational. A course of policy which all Christendom waits to hear is announced by a badly-dressed gentleman, in a series of clumsy and fragmentary sentences, in which there is always good sense, but not always good grammar. The English noblemen and gentlemen have the taste which the patricians of Rome had for agricultural and rural life. They have the same liking for rough, athletic sports; the same insensibility to animal pain and suffering; and in their personal habits, the same love of bathing—a taste which has quite died out upon the soil of Rome.

"The English residing or travelling upon the continent would, if gathered together, make a large city. They carry England with them wherever they go. In Rome, there is an English church, an English reading-room, an English druggist, an English grocer, and an English tailor. As England is an island, so they everywhere form an insular community, upon which the waves of foreign influence beat in vain. This peculiarity penetrates to the individual. A French or German table d'hôte is a social continent; but an English coffee-room, at the hour of dinner, is an archipelago of islets, with deep straits of reserve and exclu-

siveness flowing between. Travellers of other nations learn to conform to the manners and customs of the people about them; avoiding the observation attracted by singularity. Not so the Englishman: he boldly faces the most bristling battery of comment and notice. His shooting jacket, checked trousers, and brown gaiters proclaim his nationality before he begins to speak; he rarely yields to the seduction of a moustache; he is inflexibly loyal to tea; and will make a hard fight before consenting to dine at an earlier hour than five.

"The English in Rome, as a general rule, shew little sensibility to the peculiar influences of the place. Towards the Catholic Church and its ceremonies they turn a countenance of irreverent curiosity; trying the spirit of the Italians by their careless deportment, their haughty strides, and their inveterate staring—intimating that the forms of Catholic worship are merely dramatic entertainments performed by daylight. Nor are they much moved by beauty, in nature or art. An Englishman, in his heart of hearts, regards emotion or enthusiasm as feminine weaknesses, unworthy of manhood. A fine dog or horse calls forth from him more energetic admiration than the most beautiful landscape or picture. He marches through a gallery with resolute strides—his countenance expanding as the end draws near. Five minutes despatch a Raphael; four, a Titian or Correggio; and two or three are enough for less illustrious names.

"It need hardly be said that the English in Rome are not popular, either with the Italians—in spite of the money they spend—or with their fellow-sojourners from other lands. They form the subject of innumerable caricatures; and hardly a book of travels appears in any language but their own which is not seasoned with stories—good, if not true—of English phlegm, English rudeness, or English eccentricity. But this unpopularity is not more marked than the lofty disdain with which it is accepted by the parties who are the subjects of it. Coriolanus himself did not confront ill will with a haughtier brow. Indeed, as a general rule, an Englishman is never so repulsive as when it is his cue to conciliate opposition and disarm unreasonable prejudice.

"The institutions of England are eminently calculated to promote individual development; that is, among the favored classes; and herein the parallel between them and the old Romans fails. An Englishman, happily born and reared, has larger opportunities for growth and expansion than have been enjoyed by the people of any country, at any period—Athens, at its best age, not excepted—for the religious and domestic elements in England more than balance the art and philosophy of Athens. The most finished men I have ever known were Englishmen. But the difference between the top and the bottom of the scale is much greater than with us. The most ignorant men I saw on the continent—the least prepared to profit by foreign travel—were Englishmen. No American would be found upon the soil of Europe so profoundly ignorant, though he might have left home with as little knowledge. He would have bolted the contents of half a dozen guide-books on the voyage. He would not have been prevented by pride, self-love, indolence, or good breeding, from asking a thousand questions of everybody with an English ear in his head. But Englishmen dislike to ask or answer questions. The ignorance of an American is restless and clamorous: that of an Englishman, silent, apathetic, and hopeless.

"It would not be fair to leave this picture without its lights. The growing discontent which an Englishman manifests in Italy is to be explained and excused by the perfect material civilization and fair dealing of his own country. Accustomed to the fine roads, the

comfortable inns, the luxurious carriages, the clean beds, and the well-served tables of England, he is thrown upon the discomforts of Italy—dirty inns, bad dinners, comfortable sleeping-rooms, bells that will not ring, servants that will not come, and horses that will not go. He exchanges quiet efficiency for noisy inefficiency. There is a great deal of bustle, much loud promising, vehement asseveration, and energetic gesticulation; but the thing to be done is not done. Accustomed to deal with men who have but one price for their goods, he finds that an Italian shopkeeper begins by asking double the sum he has made up his mind to take. He passes from a land where minutes are precious to one where time is of no value. Born in a country where a tradesman or a mechanic has not broken an appointment since the Norman conquest, he is involved in a perfect network of lying, shuffling, equivocation, and excuse-making. Engagements are not kept; work is not sent home at the promised time; no man is as good as his word: the moral relation established by a contract is an unknown quantity. Besides all and above all, he is chafed by the absence, everywhere in Rome, of English comfort and English cleanliness. Doors will not shut; windows will not open; fireplaces will not warm; walls will not keep out the wind; streets and staircases are filthy; carpets are unclean; beds are suspicious. Something must be pardoned to the spirit of English order and English neatness. The Englishman in Italy brings with him a standard of civilization, by which his experiences are tried. He cannot make up his body to submit to annoyances and discomforts, because he has not previously made up his mind. The same person who frets at tough chickens and damp sheets at Viterbo or Radicofani, if fairly turned out into the woods and forced to sleep under a tree, rolled up in a blanket, would be the most cheerful and uncomplaining of men.

"The English in Italy, as on the Continent generally, are not liked; but, on the other hand, they are never despised. They carry about with them the impress of qualities which extort respect, not unmingled with fear. Too proud to stoop and too cold to sympathise, they are too honest to flatter and too brave to dissemble. Truth, courage, and justice—those lion virtues that stand round the throne of national greatness—shape their blunt manners and their downright speech. No thoughtful Italian can help honoring the tenacity with which an Englishman clings to his own convictions of what is right and becoming, without regard to the judgments which others may form or express; nor can he fail to confess that the position and influence of Italy would have been far different, had more of that manly element been mingled in the blood of her people. Every conscientious Catholic must needs respect the fidelity which Englishmen shew to the religious institutions of their country; the regularity with which they attend upon public worship in the chapels of their own faith; and their careful abstinence from ordinary amusements and occupations on Sundays. This uncompromising hold upon their own interpretation of right is sometimes pushed to an extreme, and often turns an unamiable aspect towards others; but without it there is neither national greatness nor individual worth.

"The English are proud of their own country, and for that, surely, no one can blame them. They are proud of its history, of its literature, of its constitution; and, especially, of the rank it holds and the power it wields at the present time. To this national pride they have a fair right. A new sense of the greatness of England is gathered from travelling on the Continent; for let an Englishman go where he will, the might and majesty of

his country seem to be hanging over him like an unseen shield. Let but a hand of violence be laid upon an English subject, and the great British lion, which lies couchant in Downing street, begins to utter menacing growls and shake his invincible locks. An English man-of-war seems to be always within one day's sail of everywhere. Let political agitation break out in any port on the globe, if there be even a roll of English broadcloth or a pound of English tea to be endangered thereby, within forty-eight hours an English steamer or frigate is pretty sure to drop anchor in the harbor, with an air which seems to say, 'Here I am; does anybody want anything of me?'

DE QUINCEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.*

This is the first instalment of Mr. De Quincey's own arrangement of his miscellaneous papers, as sent forth by him in the first volume of his Edinburgh "Selections, Grave and Gay, from Writings Published and Unpublished"—as he describes them in his general title. The volume, as reissued, is the thirteenth from the Boston press of Ticknor & Co. As nothing appears to the contrary from American preface or title, we supposed it to be, of course, a genuine thirteenth volume. As we read, however, there appeared to be a certain sensation of familiarity about the matter, but this we set down to the mannerism and similarity of treatment of the De Quincey style. It was the old wind blowing, undoubtedly, but we rubbed our eyes and supposed the scenery to be new, or, possibly, we might be entertaining dim recollections of some chance article in Tait or Blackwood. But a paper on London staggered us, and a certain Fête at Frogmore, and even a very fresh-looking incidental note on Genius and Talent. Our consciousness of these things was too vivid not to be suspected; so, we turned to our shelf, where Coleridge, De Quincey, and Foster nudge each other in metaphysical acquaintanceship, and there, in the volume entitled "Life and Manners," was this very rigmarole about London, Dancing, and the Ziph language. In his hazy philosophical way, we found an explanation of this by the author, in the preface to the English edition.

"The miscellaneous writings," says he, "which I propose to lay before the public in this body of selections, are in part to be regarded as a republication of papers scattered through several British journals twenty or thirty years ago, which papers have been reprinted in a collective form by an American house of high character in Boston; but in part they are to be viewed as entirely new, large sections having been intercalated in the present edition, and other changes made, which, even to the old parts, by giving very great expansion, give sometimes a character of absolute novelty. Once, therefore, at home, with the allowance for the changes here indicated, and once in America, it may be said that these writings have been in some sense published. But *publication* is a great idea never even approximated by the utmost anxieties of man. Not the Bible, not the little book which, in past times, came next to the Bible in European diffusion and currency, viz., the treatise 'De Imitatione Christi,' has yet in any generation been really published. Where is the *printed* book of which, in Coleridge's words, it may not be said that, after all efforts to publish itself, still it re-

mains, for the world of possible readers, 'as good as manuscript?' Not to insist, however, upon any romantic rigor in constructing this idea, and abiding by the ordinary standard of what is understood by *publication*, it is probable that, in many cases, my own papers must have failed in reaching even this, for they were printed as contributions to journals."

This is all very well for the London edition, for which the American twelve volumes are merely so much raw material, but how are we Americans to reconcile the work with our Boston edited series? Are we to cancel the twelve volumes aforesaid, for the preparation of which there is such a handsome compliment in the "Extract from a Letter written by Mr. De Quincey to the American Editor of his Works?" Is all that to go for nothing, or are we to enjoy a multitudinous involution of the De Quincey writings, "with centric and eccentric scribbled o'er," without prospect of end or limit save the possible combinations of some, say, four hundred essays, as they may be worked by the most ingenious geometrical calculations? The prospect, we confess, admirers of De Quincey as these columns have often witnessed us to be, is a fearful one. There is a set of figures just now going the rounds of the papers, pretending to indicate the possible hands at whist which may be entertained. The number is 1, 270, 207, 119, 200. Now the opportunities afforded to a zealous publisher by the De Quincey shuffle of ideas transcends even this. The material is, throughout, homogeneous, so that not only each so-called essay admits of transposition and re-arrangement, but each separate paragraph may be taken up, potted, and conveyed to its new parterre. There is a chance for an almost infinite number of editors and infinite number of publishers. Whether the readers would hold out beyond the billionth edition might be a topic of discussion, but as we would not wound the self-love of any author, we shall not enter upon that.

We shall let Mr. De Quincey criticise his own volume. This is what he says of "the present Autobiographic Sketches":—

"Generally, they pretend to little beyond that sort of amusement which attaches to any real story, thoughtfully and faithfully related, moving through a succession of scenes sufficiently varied, that are not suffered to remain too long upon the eye, and that connect themselves at every stage with intellectual objects. But, even here, I do not scruple to claim from the reader, occasionally, a higher consideration. At times, the narrative rises into a far higher key. Most of all, it does so at a period of the writer's life, where, of necessity, a severe abstraction takes place from all that could invest him with any alien interest; no display that might dazzle the reader, nor ambition that could carry his eye forward with curiosity to the future, nor successes, fixing his eye on the present; nothing on the stage but a solitary infant, and its solitary combat with grief—a mighty darkness, and a sorrow without a voice. But something of the same interest will be found, perhaps, to rekindle at a maturer age, when the characteristic features of the individual mind have been unfolded. And I contend that much more than amusement ought to settle upon any narrative of a life that is really *confidential*. It is singular—but many of my readers will know it for a truth—that vast numbers of people, though liberated from all reasonable motives to self-restraint, cannot be confidential—have it not in their power to lay aside reserve; and many, again, cannot

be so with particular people. I have witnessed, more than once, the case, that a young female dancer, at a certain turn of a peculiar dance, could not—though she had died for it—sustain a free, fluent motion. Aerial chains fell upon her at one point; some invisible spell (who could say *what?*) froze her elasticity. Even as a horse, at noon-day, on an open heath, starts aside from something his rider cannot see; or as the flame within a Davy lamp feeds upon the poisonous gas up to the meshes that surround it, but there suddenly is arrested by barriers that no Aladdin will ever dislodge. It is because a man cannot see and measure these mystical forces which palsy him, that he cannot deal with them effectually. If he were able really to pierce the haze which so often envelops, even to himself, his own secret springs of action and reserve, there cannot be a life moving at all under intellectual impulses that would not, through that single force of absolute frankness, fall within the reach of a deep, solemn, and sometimes even of a thrilling interest. Without pretending to an interest of this quality, I have done what was possible on my part towards the readiest access to such an interest by perfect sincerity—saying everywhere nothing but the truth; and in any case forbearing to say the whole truth only through consideration for others."

The "aerial chains" of the dancer have not as yet fallen on Mr. De Quincey. No syncope or solution of continuity interrupts his powers. The stream of his eloquence,

"Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont."

Long may it be so: nor can we see any reason beyond the limitation of the utmost bounds of human life itself why it should not be so. Given the De Quincey metaphysical power of speculation and ratiocination, material never will be wanting. Would you test this? We will take no sounding theme for the soul "in the spacious circuits of her musing," but such an everyday circumstance as the opening an American hotel, or the adding another column to a leviathan American newspaper. Material of this kind is inexhaustible; and, under De Quincey's pen, it is all food for wonder and philosophy. In the paper on Travelling, he is at the Hen and Chickens, Birmingham; and apropos to that, we have this note on

THE BROBDIGNAG IN AMERICA.

"A well-known hotel, and also a coach inn which we English in those days thought colossal. It was, in fact, according to the spirit of Dr. Johnson's witty reply to Miss Knight, big enough for an island. But our transatlantic brothers, dwelling upon so mighty a continent, have gradually enlarged their scale of inns, as of other objects, into a size of commensurate grandeur. In two separate New York journals, which, by the kindness of American friends, are at this moment (April 26) lying before me, I read astounding illustrations of this. For instance: (1.) In 'Putnam's Monthly,' for April, 1853, the opening article, a very amusing one, entitled 'New York daguerre-typed,' estimates the *hotel* population of that vast city, as 'not much short of ten thousand;' and one individual hotel, apparently far from being the most conspicuous, viz., the *Metropolitan*, reputed to have 'more than twelve miles of water and gas pipe, and two hundred and fifty servants,' offers 'accommodations for one thousand guests.' (2.) Yet even this Titanic structure dwindles by comparison with *The Mount Vernon Hotel*, at Cape May, N. J. (meant,

* Autobiographic Sketches, by Thomas De Quincey. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

I suppose, for New Jersey), which advertises itself in the 'New York Herald,' of April 12, 1853, under the authority of Mr. J. Taber, its aspiring landlord, as offering accommodations, from the 20th of next June, to the romantic number of *three thousand five hundred guests*. The Birmingham *Hen and Chickens* undoubtedly had slight pretensions by the side of these behemoths and mammoths. And yet, as a street in a very little town may happen to be quite as noisy as a street in London, I can testify that any single gallery in this Birmingham hotel, if measured in importance by the elements of discomfort which it could develop, was entitled to an American rating. But alas! *Fust Nium*; I have not seen the ruins of this ancient hotel; but an instinct tells me that the railroad has run right through it; that the hen has ceased to lay golden eggs, and that her chickens are dispersed. (3.) As another illustration, I may mention that, in the middle of March, 1853, I received, as a present from New York, the following newspaper. Each page contained eleven columns, whereas our London 'Times' contains only six. It was entitled 'The New York Journal of Commerce,' and was able to proclaim itself, with truth, the largest journal in the world. For twenty-five and a half years it had existed in a smaller size, but even in this infant stage had so far outrun all other journals in size (measuring, from the first, 816 square inches) as to have earned the name of 'the blanket sheet'; but this thriving baby had continued to grow, until at last, on March 1, 1853, it came out in a sheet 'comprising an area of 2057½ square inches, or 164 square feet.' This was the monster sent over the Atlantic to myself; and I really felt it as some relief to my terror, when I found the editor protesting that the monster should not be allowed to grow any more. I presume that it was meant to keep the hotels in countenance; for a journal on the old scale could not expect to make itself visible in an edifice that offered accommodations to an army."

There is no exhausting a man who can write in this way.

ALBERT SMITH'S STORY OF MONT BLANC.*

WHEN the notable London *litterateur*, Albert Smith, a few years since, took upon himself very courageously to ascend Mont Blanc, it was set down by certain uncharitable persons as a piece of cockney presumption, and a mere bait for a little twopenny notoriety. By the publication of the highly-reasonable, and, certainly, most agreeable account of the matter in this book, it appears that the celebrated mountain adventure was anything but an amateur affair or shabby effort to cheat the *Times* out of so many columns of "advertisements." It was a passion and necessity with Albert Smith to plant himself on the summit of the great monarch of mountains. The idea was sown in his very childhood, and blossomed subsequently at that enormous altitude as naturally as a gigantic palm of the tropics. One of the first volumes of Albert Smith's juvenile library—twenty-seven years ago—recorded an ascent of Mont Blanc—an unsuccessful attempt, attended by the loss of three well-trained guides. This, in ordinary cases, as a first impression, would have been a damper to young ambition. Not so with Albert Smith. He looked wistfully at the hills in the neighborhood as so many notelets of Mont Blanc, and very early obtained a copy of the philosophical observations and experiments of the

Sir Charles Lyell of the region, the devoted De Saussure. The next step was a kind of anticipation of the most successful exhibition of the present day, his Panorama of Mont Blanc. Using a copy of Auldjo's narrative for material, he got up a show, the terrors of which would turn his little sister "quite pale with fright." A few years afterwards he was a medical student at Paris, and his first holiday found his steps directed eagerly to Chamouni. He did not then ascend the mountain, but he appropriated it sufficiently to lecture about it on his return to London, when he got up another panorama, and initiated himself in the experiences of an itinerant show-lecturer:—

"For two or three years, with my Alps in a box, I went round to various literary institutions. The inhabitants of Richmond, Brentford, Guildford, Staines, Hammersmith, Southwark, and other places, were respectively enlightened upon the theory of glaciers and the dangers of the Grand Plateau. I recall these first efforts of a showman, for such they really were, with great pleasure. I recollect how my brother and I used to drive our four-wheeled chaise across the country, with Mont Blanc on the back seat, and how we were received, usually with the mistrust attached to wandering professors generally, by the man who swept out the Town-Hall, or the Athenæum, or wherever the institution might be located. As a rule, the Athenæums did not remind one of the Acropolis; they were situated up dirty lanes, and sometimes attached to public houses, and were used, in the intervals of oxygen and the physiology of the eye, for tea festivals and infant schools. I remember well the 'committee-room'—a sort of condemned cell in which the final ten minutes before appearing on the platform were spent, with its melancholy decanter of water and tumbler for the lecture, and plate of mixed biscuits and bottle of Marsala afterwards. I recollect, too, how the heat of my lamps would unsolder those above them, producing twilight and oil avalanches at the wrong time; and how my brother held a piece of wax-candle end behind the moon on the Grand Mulets (which always got applauded); and how the diligence, which went across a bridge, would sometimes tumble over. There are *souvenirs* of far greater import that I would throw over before those old Alpine memories."

And once more, previous to its grand blaze upon the town, Albert Smith's canvas scenes did duty, gradually preparing the public mind for the great event, on the stage of one of the London minor theatres:—

"No matter why, in the following years I changed my lancet into a steel pen, and took up the trade of authorship. My love of the Alps still remained the same; and from association alone I translated the French drama *La Grace de Dieu*, under the name of *The Pearl of Chamouni*, for one of the London minor theatres. I brought forward all my old views, and made the directors get up the scenery as true to nature as could be expected in an English play-house, where a belief in the unreal is the great creed; and then I was in the habit of sitting in a dark corner of the boxes, night after night, and wondering what the audience thought of 'The valley and village of Chamouni, as seen from the Col de Balme pass, with Mont Blanc in the distance'; so ran the bill. I believe, as far as they were concerned, I might have called it Snowdon or Ben Nevis with equal force; but I knew it was correct, and was satisfied."

The ruling passion was never more strongly evidenced. In 1851 the grand adventure

came off in the actual ascent of the mountain. The narrative of the event, after various ambiguities, formed a most interesting and authentic paper in *Blackwood*, is now incorporated in this volume, and the Panorama appeared once more full blown, to run its five hundred nights in London, and in the coming season, we trust, according to oft-deferred rumor, to be transplanted to New York. Its success is understood to be very much dependent upon the genial humor of the exhibitor, Mr. Smith himself. We can well understand this from the present volume.

As the account of the main ascent is rather hackneyed, from the newspaper notices of the Panorama and the publication in *Blackwood*, we shall draw for a specimen of the Smith quality upon the pleasant early first visit to Chamouni. It is a very agreeable piece of description of a town, and one of the most profitable accounts of the art of cheap travelling and wide-awake observation we have ever met with. Verily, as the author remarks, "If there is anything more delightful than travelling with plenty of money, it is certainly making a journey of pleasure with very little—provided always that health and spirits are good, and that one can find a companion similarly positioned. Circumstances and necessities throw you out of beaten tracks of proceeding, and make you acquainted with odd folks and adventures. Not being bound by any conventional laws of travelling, you are more independent to wander wherever you please; and, above all, there is little after-regret at the prospect of overbalancing the pleasure derived from the trip by the anticipation of winter retrenchment, to make up for the expenses thereby incurred."

With a friend he sets out in September 1838 for Geneva. These are some of the

HINTS OF THE WAY.

"We made a good breakfast at our old *café* in the Rue M. le Prince, before we started, and got the cook to boil us a dozen eggs very hard. We also took a large bottle—a *litre*—of *vin ordinaire*, and a leathern cup that folded up and went into the pocket. In a flat bottle, that we could tuck into the side of the knapsack, we had also some brandy. The beginning of the journey was not lively. It poured with rain, which beat into the *banquette*, and compelled us to keep the black curtains closed. This lasted until we got to Melun, where the diligence stopped for lunch. We took advantage of the halt to run about the town and look at the place, making our meal, when we started again, from our stores, in addition to some pears and a 'brick' of bread more than two feet long, bought in the town. The passengers paid three francs each for their *déjeuner*, ours did not cost ten sous. At Montreuil, at the junction of the Seine and Yonne, we got down at the *relai* and ran on, by which means we saw in the market-place some criminals exposed on a platform, with their names and crimes inscribed over their heads. None of the other passengers saw this exhibition; indeed it was curious to notice that two English people in the *coupé* drew down the blinds on account of the sun, and when they did not do this they were asleep."

"As morning broke we found ourselves amongst the vineyards, which came down to the edge of the road. They are not nearly so pretty as our own hop-gardens; something like them at a distance, but not higher than raspberry bushes. At Tonneire, where they stopped to breakfast, we ran on again, with our bread and eggs in our pockets, and got

* The Story of Mont Blanc, by Albert Smith. Putnam & Co.

plenty of grapes for nothing, for we were now approaching the Cote d'Or, the great wine country of France. We walked two or three miles before the diligence overtook us; and, what was worth everything, had a bathe in a little river, which freshened us up immensely. The people were all dozing again when the diligence came up, and the *conducteur* thought we had lost the way.

"The day broke very fine, and the whole country was an uninterrupted tract of vineyards. We stopped at Dole to breakfast, and also to change diligences, where we found a little *café*, the landlord of which was very civil, and showed us all about the town, after we had washed in the fountain at the market-places, to the great delight of a party of girls, who lent us a huge bit of soap and some towels. We never saw so many pretty women as at this Dole, nor so many wooden shoes; in fact, nobody seemed anxious to sell anything else, whatever kind of shop they kept. We bought a bottle of wine, 'Burgundy,' recollect, for threepence. When we got back to the hotel we saw the two *coupe* passengers awake for the first time. One of them complained of having been charged three francs and a half for a fowl that must have been roasted over and over again, and some questionable fish. We recommended him to buy a pie, but he said he did not like to—it looked so. Then they wanted to see the Public Walk, with a view of the Alps, and the Cathedral, and other things that we had told them of; but just then the order was given to take their places, so we still appeared to be the gainers. The new diligence had a perfect paradise of *banquettes*—very large indeed, with no seat, but full of straw, so that we could lie down at full length, with our heads out in front. We invited the *conducteur* to dinner again, with the driver, from German sausage and cold duck—a perfect festival laid in at Dole. In return, the driver, who lived at Poligny, made us sup with him when we got there. We had haricot beans, soup, and thick slices of mutton broiled, and waited so long at it that the passengers got impatient, but they could not go on until the *conducteur* gave the word. Then we began slowly to climb the Jura, and this crawling pace was kept up all night.

"We got out to walk early, taking short cuts between the zigzag roads up the mountain, and got to Les Rousses, on the summit of the Jura, about seven o'clock, where we had breakfast literally in the clouds. The *conducteur* told us if we left him to pay he would get everything for half price, which he did. From Les Rousses we began to descend. The road is beautifully hard and smooth, winding in all directions, with little stones all the way to mark it from the precipice. A sudden turn of the road brought to sight the famous view described by Rousseau, and so often quoted. The whole lake of Geneva, beautifully blue, could be seen many hundred feet below us, with the Alps on the other side, their summits only showing above the clouds, and the country, like a colored map, at our feet. The passengers in the *interieure* saw nothing of this, one of their windows looking against the mountain, and the other down the precipice. In the *rotonde* they could only look out behind them, as through the door of an omnibus; and in the *coupe*, they had pulled the blinds down, because the morning sun shot right through the windows, so that we had the best of it again."

These are the gains of travelling on foot; and the journal records many such trophies.

Sandwiched between this early personal matter and the account of the final ascent, there is much historical and bibliographical matter touching the different ascents of the mountain. Its cultivation as a lion has dated

quite within the last century. The *Mer de Glace* came into notice from an excursion of the oriental traveller, Dr. Pococke, in 1743. De Saussure, the naturalist and geologist, ascended Mont Blanc in 1787, Jacques Balmat, the guide, having been the first to reach the summit the previous year. The story of Balmat's first success, and his final catastrophe, are remarkable:—

BALMAT'S FIRST AND LAST ADVENTURE.

"It so happened that one of Paocard's party, then on an exploration of the mountain, named Jacques Balmat—who appears just at this time not to have been very popular in the valley—had presented himself without invitation, and followed them against their will. When they turned to descend they did not tell this poor man of their intention. Being on unfriendly terms with them, he had kept aloof; and, whilst stopping to search for some crystals under a rock, he lost sight of them, just as the snow began to fall, which rapidly obliterated their traces.

"The storm increased, and not daring to expose himself to the dangers of a solitary descent in the darkness, he resolved to spend the night, alone, in the centre of this desert of ice, and at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea!

"He had no food, and was but poorly clad; night was rapidly coming on, and the frozen flakes fell more heavily every minute. He therefore got under the lee of one of the rocks, and contrived to heap up against it sufficient snow to form a kind of niche, into which he crept, and blockaded himself as well as he was able from the storm. And there—an atom on the ghastly and immeasurable waste of eternal frost, that extended on every side around him, in awful, unearthly silence, unbroken by any sound from the remote living world—half dead already from the piercing cold, and with limbs inflamed and stiffened by the labor he had already undergone, he passed the long uncertain hours of that terrible night.

"At last morning broke. Far away in the east Balmat saw its earliest lights rising behind the giants of the Bernese Oberland, who guarded the horizon; and one after another the Jungfrau, Eiger, and the Finsteraarhorn stood out bright and sharp in the clear cold air. The storm had cleared altogether; the morning was calm and mild—comparatively so even at that elevation; and as Balmat painfully endeavored to move his almost paralyzed limbs into action, he found that his feet had lost all sensation—they were frost-bitten! He could, however, move them, and without pain. The night frost had hardened the snow; presently the sunlight came down the top of Mont Blanc to the Dome du Gouté, and then, still keeping up his courage through everything, this brave fellow determined to devote the day to surveying the mountain, and seeing if any practicable course to the summit presented itself on the vast and hitherto untrodden deserts of snow. His courage was rewarded. He found that if the crevices that border the Grand Plateau were once crossed, the path to the top of Mont Blanc was clear and unbroken before him, and he then traced out the route, which has, with little variations, been followed ever since, and which appears to be, beyond doubt, the only practicable one."

"Balmat's career and death, at an advanced age, was somewhat remarkable. De Saussure, in some of his investigations, had discovered some grains of gold-dust amongst the grit of the Arveiron—the torrent which flows from the ice of the Glacier du Bois—the *Mer de Glace*, as we more popularly know it. Not having the time to remain at Chamouni to

pursue his search, he ordered twelve mules to be laden with the river grit and driven to Geneva. Old Jean Pierre Tarraz provided the mules, and Balmat was their *conducteur* on the occasion. He attached so great an importance to the object of this caravan, that nothing afterwards dissuaded him from the notion of some enormous fortune that De Saussure made in consequence; and from that time on but one thought occupied his mind—that of seeking for gold. He explored, alone, some of the most dangerous solitudes of the Alps, and at last died alone amongst them. His baton, with a broken cord attached to it, was found at the edge of an enormous crevice by some chamois hunters, but nothing more was ever known respecting his fate."

Women have since ascended Mont Blanc. "Mlle. d'Angeville was the second female who reached the top. Her courage is reported to have been very great. She refused all assistance from Mr. Stoppen's party, and when on the summit, made the guides lift her up on their shoulders, that she might say she had been actually higher than anybody else." It of course remains an adventure of peril and difficulty, but every season adds to the list of "the successes preserved at Chamouni."

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

[Continued from our last.]

We paused, and all was mute till Cebes broke

The silence, and in reverent accents spoke,
As if he feared to stir the hush profound:

"The gods forbid," he said, "that I should wound

Hope, that Divinity that leads, like Love,
With bandaged eyes, our souls to bliss above!
But since, like her, thou fleest this mortal shore,

And thy last words, alas, will soon be o'er,
Dear master, for my profit, not thy pain,
Permit me to reply and ask again."

Benignly Socrates inclined his head,
And Cebes to the Sage, inquiring, said:

"The soul, thou say'st, shall live beyond the tomb:

But if the soul is but a light to illumine
This world of darkness, when the senses,
drained,

No longer yield the substance that sustained
The flame of this mysterious being, when
The torch goes out, where can the light be then?

All is destroyed at once, both torch and light,
All reabsorbed into a common night!

Or if the soul is, to the bodily sense,
What the harmonious strain our hand draws thence

Is to yon lyre,—then, when by slow decay,
Time's tooth or worms, the wood consumes away,

When the snapped cord beneath our fingers cries,

And the dear instrument expiring lies,
Trampled beneath the young Bacchant's feet,

Nerveless and useless, where is then the sweet

Celestial harmony that dwelt there, fled?

Are song and lyre, both soul and body, dead?"

The sage, at these words, beheld the ground
With pensive brow, this mystery to sound,
Sought a response, alas, and found it not!

While, round the circle, passed the murmured thought:

"The lyre no more—where is the harmony?"

And Socrates again attentively
Seemed listening to his genius!

One of his hands his chin supporting, now
The other wandered over Phedon's brow,
And, as along his ivory neck it strayed,
With his blond hair in passing lightly played;
Then, parting with his finger one long tress
From all the cluster that in loveliness
Their flexile ringlets o'er his shoulders flung
And to the very ground now, streaming,

hung,
He played their waves upon his knees, or
rolled
Carelessly through his hands those locks of
gold,

And, smiling, spake like an old man divine,
Who mixes wisdom with the festive wine!

"Dear friends, the soul is not the flickering
light

Flung by the torch of sense across our night;
It is the immortal eye that sees life's morn
Wax, wane, and sink, and day eternal born,
And which looks calmly on, unharmed thereby,
Watching life's flambeau pale, and droop, and
die,

E'en as the mortal eye preserves its sight
When not a ray can pierce the gloom of
night!

The soul is not the passing voice, the lyre
Of sense gives forth, when passion sweeps the
wire,

Hers is the touch divine that makes its tone!
The ear that hears it now exult, now groan,
The artist all invisible is she,
Who judges, binds and rules the harmony,
And from the discord of the senses brings
A music forth, fit for celestial strings:
The lyre may die, the sound be lost in air,
O'er the dumb wreck the ear bends listening
there!

Say, Cebes, art thou satisfied?—Ah, well
Read I the truth thy mute adieu would tell,
Socrates is immortal! Let us, then,
Speak of the gods above—no more of men!"

And now the sun upon the mountains stood,
And grazing with a ray the fields and flood,
Magnificently bade the world adieu,
Before he sank, to kindle up anew
His fading strength and fading brilliancy
In the bright bosom of the Deity!

And now the flocks descended from the
height

Of Taygetus; the shades of coming night
Were creeping up Hymettus; Cytheron
Swam in a golden ocean; crawling on
Toward shore, the morning fisher dropped his
sail,

Singing his thankful song as day grew pale;
The woodland flute-notes borne on evening's
breeze,

And these low songs, that sighed across the
seas,

Blind with our funeral sobbings as the light
Of dying day blends with the gloom of night.

"Friends, haste we, lo, the bath-hour comes
apace!

Slaves! pour the water in yon brazen vase!
I would an offering pure to heaven return,"
He said; and plunging in the murmuring urn,
As, at the sacrifices, was the wont
To plunge the victim in the cleansing font,
Three times he lifted in his scooping hands
The water, emblem of deliverance;
Thrice he inundated his brow and crown,
Thrice o'er his breast he let it trickle down;
Then, wiping with a purple veil his head,
Perfumed his hair, and thus, resuming said:
"We forget God while we adore his traces!
Phoebus forbid me to blaspheme the Graces,
Hebe who pours out life in halls above,
The scarf of Iris or the bow of Love,

Nor Venus, chief of all, whose laughing zone,
A sympathetic chain, round worlds is thrown,
Eternal Saturn, nor great Jupiter,
Nor all those gods of heaven, of earth, and
air!

These beings all, peopling the Olympian
height,

Or walking in the Elysian fields of light,
Are images of the one God which we
Have deified in our idolatry;

The scattered letters that, united, frame
The sacred mystery of His awful name,
Which written wide o'er nature's face, we
find,

A shadow God has cast upon our mind!
By such a title of divinity

My reason bows to them adoringly,
As I salute the sun at opening day;

And who, at last, shall with assurance say
That all these gods of fable and of song,
That heaven and hell, with all their motley
throng,

Are but the dreams of genius, may not be
Steps in that bright scale of infinity

Which separates at once, and reunites
All ranks of being through the depths and
heights

Of this vast universe, those lights that shine
With differing glory, lit by love divine.

Who knows but that, diffused throughout the
whole

Immense expanse, there lives and moves a
soul;

That those bright stars, thick-strown o'erhead
are choirs

Of living suns and animated fires;
That ocean's groaning billows, as they roll,

Heave on the affrighted shore an angry soul;
That in the pure and balmy air of spring,

A heavenly spirit floats on azure wing;
That day is but an eye, diffusing light,

And eve a modest beauty with veiled sight;
And that in heaven, on earth, what'er we
see,

All is intelligence, life, Deity!

"But, friends, believe me, by this ebbing
breath,

This voice so soon to cease for aye in death,
Beyond all these visible deities,

Beneath all nature, in the unfathomed skies,
There dwells a something dark, a mystery,

Proclaimed by reason and necessity,—
Which faith alone can see, eye of the soul,—

That changes not, while worlds and ages
roll!

Contemporary of eternity
And of to-day, vast as universality,

Grand in its solitude as unity!
Impossible to name! impalpable

To sense! in being inconceivable
Lies its first attribute! in space, in time,

How deep so'er we dive or high we climb,
Or far and near, through present, future, past,

Here must our journey ever end at last!
All that you see is his omnipotence!

All that we think, his high intelligence!
Force, love, truth, of all good the source
divine,

God of your gods! the only God! and mine!"

"But, *evil*," Cebes said, "whose work is
this?"

"Man's own guilt only mars his perfect bliss;
On this fall'n globe both sin and death, its
lot,

Are born the self-same day, God knows them
not!

Whether a fatal charm, a guilty fire
Drew matter toward the soul with strong
desire;

Or whether life, weaving the ties that bind
So closely, here, the senses and the mind,

Fills both with wicked love,—how'er it be,
Their union is a mighty mystery!

Hence evil springs, and death by high heaven
sent

At once, as remedy and chastisement,
Dissolves the knot with pain! but at the
hour

Which breaks these bonds, the soul resumes
her power

O'er the vile elements, and soars away
To the ethereal realms of cloudless day,

To the bright world of happiness and truth,
Where virtue triumphs in immortal youth!"

"Know'st thou the way to that invisible
shore?"

Said Cebes: "Hath thine eye then scanned it
o'er?"

"Friends, to that world my steps are draw-
ing near,

More and more clearly I its music hear,
And to behold its scenes with open eye * * "

"What, must we?" Phedon said.—"Be
pure and die!

There is, somewhere in the immense expanse,
To mortals inaccessible, perchance

Far overhead beyond the arching skies,
Perchance around us, here, on earth, it lies,

Another world, a heaven, an Elysium, where
Not streams of honey glide through amber
fair,

Nor virtuous souls, by God alone renewed,
Drink nectar and partake ambrosial food,

But sainted shades, immortal spirits come
To take the crown of earthly martyrdom!

Neither dark Tempe, nor the laughing height
Of Menelaus, when morning's rosy light

Plays round it, and her breath with perfumes
rare

Fills all the fresh, intoxicating air,
The vales of Hemus, nor the rich hill-sides

Where, with sweet murmurings, Eurotas glides,
Nor yet that land, the poets' chosen shore,

Where the charmed traveller thinks of home
no more,

Not all of these can match that blest abode
Where the soul's daylight is the look of God!

Where night can never come, nor night of
death,

Where in love's atmosphere the soul draws
breath!

Where bodies that ne'er die, or die to live,
For finer pleasures finer senses give!"

"What! bodies ev'n in heaven? side by
side,

Death ranged with life!"—"Yes, bodies glo-
rified

By the transfiguring soul, who, to compose
These heavenly vestments, through creation
goes,

Culling the flower of the elements;
All that is present in the world of sense,

The tender rays of the transparent light,
The softest tints that blend in solar white,

The sweetest scents exhaled by evening flow-
ers,

The murmured cadences at midnight hours,
Borne by the amorous zephyr through the
trees,

Or o'er the bosom of the sighing seas,
The flame that shoots in jets of blue and gold,

Crystal of streams beneath a pure sky rolled,
The purple tinge Aurora gives her sails,

When first they flutter in the morning gales,
The rays of tremulous stars that, imaged,
sleep

On the calm mirror of the silent deep,—
All, blended, form beneath her plastic hand

A body pliant to the soul's command,
And she who, once bound down with many a
chain,

Gaius her revolted senses warred in vain,
To-day, triumphant o'er her indolence,

Majestically rules the world of sense,
Creates new senses, pleasures, endlessly,

And plays with space, time, life, creation—
free!

"Now, at the call of a desire, she springs,
Perfuming with her breath a zephyr's wings,
Coloring their ruffled edges with a ray
Of Iris, as she soars and sails away;
From heaven to hell—from eve to morning
light,

Thus, like an errant bee, she holds her flight,
Roaming creation far and wide, to see,
Adore and bless the works of Deity!
Now tackling to Aurora's brilliant car
A tempest-breathing steed, from star to star,
Through those bright deserts sowed with wan-
dering fires,

Borne on by old unquenchable desires,
In quest of those great spirits whom she
here

Had loved, from sun to sun, from sphere to
sphere,

With the companion of her deathless love,
Losing herself in trackless space above,
She flies, and when each mazy round is past,
Still in God's bosom finds herself at last!

"Not in material things the immortal mind
Its chaste, celestial nutriment can find;
Neither the nectar rolling from the cup
Of Hebe, nor the perfume floating up
From morning's dewy flowers that exhale
Their stores of sweetness on the rising gale,
Nor the libatim in its honor shed
Can satisfy the soul: she must be fed
With memory, hope, love, thought, and senti-
ment,

These are the pure, immortal aliment
Of her immortal being! freely given,
In multiplying stores, by kindly heaven,
These fruits divine her life eternalize,
By force of heavenly love she multiplies
Her being, and even dares to imitate
The primal soul, and in her turn create!

"For souls, like bodies, have their fruitfulness;

A wish can people a world-wilderness;
And as a sound by echo multiplied,
Spreads through immensity on every side,
Or, as the ephemeral spark, ready for flight,
Shall on the altar flames immortal light,
So these pure beings, in the realms above,
Drawn to each other with creative love,
Across the infinite each other find,
Meet, mingle, and perpetuate their kind.
Celestial lovers! chaste transports! holy
fires!

Where soul in soul is lost, dissolved in pure
desires!

If I might dare! . . . But suddenly a sound
Rang through the arch, the sage looked, listen-
ing, round,

And we all to the westward turned our eyes;
Alas! the day was flying from the skies!

(To be continued.)

DR. FRANKLIN.

(From the "Select Works of Franklin, including his Autobiography; with Notes and a Memoir, by Epes Sargent," in press by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.)

DISPUTE ABOUT LIGHTNING RODS.

In August, 1772, another committee of the Royal Society, of which Franklin was a member, visited, under the direction of the government, the powder magazines at Purfleet, for the purpose of considering the most effectual means for protecting them from lightning. Franklin drew up a report, which was accepted, in which the erection of pointed rods was advised. A controversy, of some notoriety in its day, grew out of the dissent of one member of this committee, a Mr. Wilson, who contended that the conductors ought to be blunt, inasmuch as if pointed they would attract the lightning. To this Franklin replied that the attraction was the very thing desired, for the charge is thereby

silently and gradually drawn from the building, and conveyed without danger to the earth. Mr. Wilson still clung to his theory in regard to blunt conductors, and persuaded the king to change his pointed ones for blunt, at Buckingham House. One of Franklin's friends (Dr. Ingenhousz, a member of the Royal Society) wrote of Wilson's charlatanism in so heated a manner, that Franklin wittily remarked: "He seems as much heated about this one point as the Jansenists and Molinists were about the five." The following clever epigram, upon the subject of the king's yielding to Wilson's arguments in opposition to Franklin's, appeared about this time:—

"While you, great George, for safety hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
The empire's out of joint;
Franklin a wiser course pursues,
And all your thunder fearless views,
By keeping to the point."

WEDDERBURN'S ABUSE BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

Dr. Priestly, who was present with Edmund Burke, says that "the real object of the court was to insult Dr. Franklin;" but that he stood "without the least apparent emotion" during the whole of Wedderburn's ribald attack. The lords of the council seemed to enjoy it highly, however. All of them, with the exception of Lord North, "frequently laughed outright" at the abuse heaped upon the venerable sage, then in his sixty-ninth year, whose life had been so largely devoted to the advancement of the interests of humanity. He had been the zealous and vigilant champion of the political rights of the Colonists; and this their lordships could not forgive. He had insisted upon his countrymen's participation in all the rights of Englishmen; and this their lordships were not disposed to allow. He had vindicated the character and courage of Americans; and it was the *ton* among the "hereditary legislators" of England to speak of them as a cowardly and inferior race. It was not, therefore, a matter of surprise to anybody, that the decision at which their lordships arrived was adverse to the Assembly and to Franklin. The Assembly's petition was pronounced "groundless, vexatious and scandalous," "founded upon resolutions formed on false and erroneous allegations," and "calculated only for the seditious purpose of keeping up a spirit of clamor and discontent" in the Province. As for Franklin, he was the next day dismissed from his office of deputy-postmaster for the Colonies. Their lordships were resolved that no effort on their part should be wanting to "mark and brand" him as Wedderburn had recommended. The British press sedulously lent its aid, and public opinion was so generally prejudiced against him, that David Hume, with whom he had lodged in Edinburgh, on the most friendly terms, wrote, under date of February 3, 1774, to a correspondent: "Pray, what strange accounts are these we hear of Franklin's conduct? I am very slow in believing that he has been guilty in the extreme degree that is pretended; though I always knew him to be a very factious man,—and a faction, next to fanaticism, is of all passions the most destructive of morality. How is it he got possession of these letters? I hear that Wedderburn's treatment of him before the Council was most cruel, without being in the least degree blameable." In spite of

Hume's amateur republicanism, he seems to have found it difficult, in his imagination, to reconcile a person's opposition to the ministry with freedom from factious motives.

LORD MAHON'S CHARGE AGAINST FRANKLIN.

An aspersion upon his personal truthfulness is contained in Lord Mahon's recent History of England, based upon an apparent discrepancy in Franklin's assurance to Lord Chatham that "America did not aim at independence," and the statement of Josiah Quincy, Jr., that Franklin's ideas were "extended upon the broad scale of total emancipation." A little attention to dates would have satisfied his lordship, in spite of his strong tory bias, of the rank injustice of his charge against Franklin of playing "a double game." Franklin's assurance to Lord Chatham was given in August, 1774, and was unquestionably sincere. The letter of Josiah Quincy, Jr., containing the expression quoted to give countenance to the imputation of duplicity, bears date November 24, 1774. During the interval between these two dates, the probabilities of a reconciliation between Great Britain and the Colonies had greatly diminished. A general election had taken place, which had given Lord North and his colleagues an overwhelming majority in Parliament. Hopes of redress from that quarter were therefore at an end. Franklin began to see that a contest was inevitable, and that "total emancipation" must now be the object of the Colonists. If he had entertained contrary views a few months before, he entertained them in common with Washington, John Adams, Jay, Jefferson, Madison, and other foremost men of the Revolution. The attempt of Lord Mahon to show that there was any prevarication in his course is confuted by notorious facts.

FRANKLIN AT VERSAILLES.

He appeared at this royal audience very simply attired, with straight, unpowdered hair, a brown cloth coat, and round hat. A crowd had collected to see him. His age, his venerable aspect, his simple dress, contrasted with the finery around him, the recollection of his services to science and humanity, all combined to waken the utmost enthusiasm of the spectators. The king received him with much cordiality, charging him to assure the United States of his friendship, and expressing his satisfaction with the conduct of their commissioner during his residence in France. On his withdrawing from this audience, the crowd in the passageways received Franklin with renewed manifestations of welcome, and followed him for some distance.

HIS INTERVIEWS WITH VOLTAIRE.

The enthusiasm of which he had been the object at Versailles was renewed at Paris. Voltaire had recently arrived there, after an absence of thirty years. He was in his eighty-fifth year. Franklin called upon him, and was received with evident pleasure. Voltaire at first accosted him in English; but, having lost the habit of speaking it, he resumed the conversation in French, adroitly remarking, "I could not resist the temptation of speaking for a moment the language of Franklin." The Philadelphia sage then presented his grandson to the patriarch of Ferney, and asked his blessing upon him. "God and liberty!" said Voltaire, raising his hands over the young man's head; "that is the

only benediction appropriate to the grandson of Franklin."

A few days after this interview, the same parties met at the Academy of Sciences, and were placed side by side. The sight of these distinguished old men elicited another outbreak of Parisian enthusiasm. The cry arose that they should embrace. They stood up, bowed, took each other by the hand, and spoke. But this was not enough. The clamor continued. "Il faut's embrasser à la Française" was the cry; whereupon they kissed each other on the cheek, and not till then did the tumult subside. The scene was classically compared by the *litterateurs* of the day, to "Solon embracing Sophocles." Voltaire lived only a month after this second encounter with his American contemporary.

FRANKLIN IN LOVE IN HIS OLD AGE.

He had an especially affectionate regard for Madame Helvetius, whom he called "Our Lady of Auteuil," and who came every week to dine at least once with him and his little colony at Passy. He had lost his wife in 1779, and, notwithstanding his seventy-six years, he made a proposition of marriage to Madame Helvetius, shortly before the close of the war. But she had refused the hand of Turgot, and did not accept his. Franklin thereupon wrote her a letter, which is a model of wit and grace.

ACQUAINTANCES IN FRANCE.

In the society of Madame Helvetius, his acquaintance was sought by the chiefs of the encyclopedists, D'Alembert and Diderot, the latter of whom was atheistical or deistical according to the state of his health or the weather; a writer who, while he assailed religion, was careful to give his children a religious education. Here, also, was introduced to Franklin the celebrated Turgot, who wrote the Latin epigraph,* thenceforth attached to so many engravings of the American sage:—

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyranniam."

The Latin line seems to have been suggested by the following, from the "Anti-Lucretius" of the Cardinal de Polignac:—

"Eripuitque Jovi fulmen Phœboque Sagittas."

And this would seem to have been partially borrowed from the "Astronomica of Manilius":—

"Eripuit Jovi fulmen viresque tonandi."

HIS MODESTY.

Such was the steady modesty of his nature, however, that he experienced more embarrassment than gratification from Turgot's brilliant compliment. To a poetaster of the day, Felix Nogaret, who applied to him for his opinion on a French translation of Turgot's verse, he replied:—

"Passy, 26th March, 1781.

"Sir: I received the letter you have done me the honor of writing to me the 2d instant, wherein, after overwhelming me with a flood of compliments, which I can never hope to merit, you request my opinion of your translation of a Latin verse that has been applied to me. If I were, which I really am not, sufficiently skilled in your excellent language to be a judge of its poesy, the supposition of my being the subject must restrain me from any opinion on that line, except that it ascribes too much to me, especially in what relates to the tyrant; the revolution having been the

* "He snatched the lightning from heaven, the sceptre from tyrants."

work of many able and brave men, wherein it is sufficient honor for me if I am allowed a small share."

AMUSING MISAPPREHENSION.

Franklin spoke French but indifferently, and his pronunciation was defective. He told John Adams that he was wholly inattentive to the grammar. Madame Geoffrin, to whom, in his visit to France in 1767 or 1769, he brought a letter from David Hume, reported that she could not initiate him into the language. Notwithstanding his advanced age when he established himself at Passy, he lived to make a great improvement in speaking French, and to enjoy it perfectly in the hearing. In the year 1779 he read a paper on the Aurora Borealis to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in which he traced the phenomenon to electrical agencies. At times he would be led into amusing misapprehensions, through his difficulty in understanding the language when uttered with rapidity. On one occasion, being present at a sitting of the Lyceum or the Academy during the delivery of a lecture, and not distinctly understanding the French that was spoken, he thought, in order not to be wanting in politeness, that every time he saw Madame de Boufflers give signs of approbation, he would applaud; but he afterwards found that, without knowing it, he had applauded most vigorously those passages which had been complimentary to himself.

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

His features were an index of the good temper, amenity, cheerfulness and affability which were his characteristics. John Adams represents him as taciturn on committees and in Congress. In society he was far from being loquacious; but no one possessed a more entertaining fund of conversation, or used it more happily on fitting occasions. Childhood, that "best detector of a gentle heart," was ever welcome to his knee. For the young, his manners and his words of sage advice and pleasantry had an indescribable charm. Sir Francis Romilly, when a young man, called on him at Passy (1782) with a friend. "Dr. Franklin," he writes, "was indulgent enough to converse a good deal with us, whom he observed to be young men very desirous of improving by his conversation. Of all the celebrated persons whom, in my life, I have chanced to see, Dr. F., both from his appearance and his conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable. His venerable, patriarchal appearance, the simplicity of his manners and language, and the novelty of his observations—at least, the novelty of them at that time to me—impressed me with an opinion of him as one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed."

CLOSING YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

Very beautiful is the spectacle of the closing years of Franklin's long and laborious life. Though not without his share of physical infirmities, he retained his lively interest in public affairs, his warm, social and domestic sympathies, his amenity and serenity of temper, his active and vigorous intellect, his abiding faith in another and a better life. He seems to have realized the wish expressed in another's behalf by Wordsworth:—

"Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;

But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as the Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave."

His correspondence at this time, in the vivacity, humor, justice of thought, and happy reliance on Providence which it exhibits, is a model of style and mood.

IMPORTANCE OF NATURAL SCIENCE AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

(A Paper read by Professor S. S. HALDEMAN before the American Educational Convention at its meeting of the present year at Pittsburgh.)

As the end of education is to afford the pupil the results of our own knowledge, the aggregate of which is made up of the combined information, experience, and research of our predecessors and contemporaries, it is necessary to inquire into the proper mode of facilitating its acquisition.

In mental, as in mechanical processes, attention is of great importance; and mathematics develops the power of undivided attention, especially when combined with mental arithmetic, in which the successive steps in a solution will be lost if the mind is not kept rigidly to the question in hand.

Memory is another important element in acquiring knowledge, and is developed in the study of languages, whether ancient or modern. The faculties of attention and memory are weakened by desultory reading; especially the fragmentary reading of newspapers as distinguished from books, resulting in a frittering away of the mind, which should not be permitted whilst pupils are under training—for as they are not interested in the condition of the markets from day to day, a monthly outline of current events is quite sufficient for them.

But the most important faculty is that which is usually overlooked in systems of education, namely, the *judgment*, without which the highest grade of education in other respects is of little account, and tends to develop in the educated world those monsters which become the laughing stock of the illiterate on account of their obvious qualities.

Two human faculties are antagonistic, the judgment and the imagination; and that which is the most capable of taking care of itself is fostered, whilst that which requires every aid to perfect it, is neglected. The judgment is to be cultivated by the study of physical and natural science; the imagination thrives on fiction; the former deals with rigid truth, the latter with slipshod falsehood.

Natural science taught practically, where, for example, a pupil is made to classify a plant, and make out its name, step by step, on scientific principles, with a rigid application of words to things, avoiding the common and imaginative errors of mistaking a petal or a bract for a leaf, merely because it may look like a leaf—all this will foster habits of caution, truth seeking, and correct observation, and give a power of comparison in color, form, size, and other qualities.

The imaginative element draws conclusions from a hasty view, little or no trouble being taken to ascertain the truth of this view, and thus error is made to pass for truth, until we are finally so far corrupted that we are indifferent as to whether what is served up to us is true or not. Poets have the credit of being close observers of nature, and amongst them, Wordsworth and Coleridge have a high position, yet in travelling together it once became necessary for them

to unharness their horse, in which they were successful, until they came to the collar, which all their efforts could not remove, and they were finally aided by a passing girl, who naturally placed the widest part of the collar opposite the widest part of the horse's head, when the difficulty vanished.

It is doubtful whether imagination, like art, is a mark of refinement; for it exists in the most unrefined condition of society, whilst the higher faculties are not developed until a late period—and chiefly through the war element, which Oken terms the highest of the arts. But whilst war keeps the mind of rude nations from stagnating, it is an expensive mode of education, which, however, as civilization advances, enables them to employ the faculties thus developed to the pursuits which peace fosters.

Byron, one of England's most gifted poets, says of this over-fed parasite imagination:—"It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call 'imagination and invention,' the two commonest of qualities. An Irish peasant, with a little whisky in his head, will imagine and invent more than would furnish for the modern poem." Coleridge says—"Poetry is not the proper antithesis to prose, but to science. Poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre. The proper and immediate object of science is the acquirement, or communication of truth; the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of immediate pleasure."

Nature is sufficiently full of wonders to afford room for literary delectation in describing it, but unfortunately, those who are acquainted with them, write to *instruct*, whilst those who write to *amuse* are not acquainted with God-created facts, and like king Alphonso, virtually think themselves competent to have given the Almighty some good hints in the construction of the Universe. There are poets whose writings are deservedly admired by the vast herd of pleasure seekers, who are better able to appreciate superficiality than accuracy; who are better pleased with a plausible lie than a plain truth, and would admire the ingenious inventions of a dishonest horse dealer, more than those which are illustrated by improved machinery; the result of the deep thought of practical men, who have happily escaped the trammels with which the cultivation of their imagination would have swaddled their judgment.

A popular English poet, one Montgomery, has produced a poem styled the Pelican Island, in which he introduces the Nautilus as coming to the surface of the water, and there unfolding its sails, and sailing on the surface. He says:—

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upwards from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow,
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light."

Upon this it may be remarked, that the poet had just knowledge enough to mislead him. He knew of the Nautilus inhabiting the Pacific, and that the ancients spoke of the Nautilus as sailing, and consequently transferred the peculiarities of the Mediterranean

animal to a different genus, inhabiting the Pacific, without the indefinite "twofold sail" of the Argonauts of the Mediterranean, whose two broad arms are not, and cannot be used as sails. The poet commits a greater blunder than that of a fish woman who would mistake a shad for a herring, under the influence of the poetic stimulant to which Byron gives the credit of developing imagination and invention.

It would be difficult to find an American slave, so ignorant as to confound a weasle with a rabbit, yet a favorite English poet speaks of the otter as an animal of the beaver kind. The otter and beaver are more unlike than a cow and a deer, a rabbit and a porcupine, or a hog and a rhinoceros. Another poet lays his scene in Brazil, and as there are pine trees in England, he imagines or invents them for a country where the Almighty did not place them, thus carrying out Alphonso's idea.

Goldsmith's *Animated Nature* is extensively read by people of literary taste who wish to know something of nature, although the very fact of his having a "cultivated imagination" should make the reader suspicious of his ability to execute such a task. Yet the man who describes a tortoise as belonging to the same class as a crab, wishes to have the approbation of naturalists because he read extensively—instead of observing, and when he did read, could not profit by the genius of Linnaeus. But this did not prevent Dr. Johnson from saying that Goldsmith ornamented everything he touched.

The Zoophytes are regarded as insects by most cultivators of belles lettres, as in Mrs. Sigourney's poem of the Coral Insect; and Montgomery's ideas of them are called "night-mare dreams" by the first of American naturalists. If those whom Pope styles

"Of all mankind the creatures most absurd,"

and Byron the "poetical populace," and Quevedo "a strange generation of buffoons," if these want an oceanic insect, why don't they poetise the genus Halobates, which is most remarkable in being found running over the waves of mid ocean, perhaps at the very place where the Pelican Island should have been?

In an educational institution, in a room of 50 or 60, including a class studying that abstruse book, Butler's Analogy, I have known the question to be asked—"How many feet has a fly?" to which about half a dozen ventured a reply, which in every case was incorrect. I do not wish to magnify the importance of knowing such a fact, but I do insist upon a habit of correct observation, that would prevent us from going through the world without using our eyes.

The useful art of drawing natural objects under strict criticism would tend to correct such errors, and on this account it should be taught to every one, first from natural objects, then from memory, and finally minute descriptions of such objects should be made, sometimes with, and sometimes without the model. A pupil unused to drawing maps from memory, may bound States, and repeat long details with an accuracy which would seem to depend upon definite ideas of geographical position, which, however, if put to the test of extemporaneous drafting, will usually be found to be very crude.

Education should teach us to *think*, not to *imagine*. The prominence given to imagination crowds the world with super-

ficial pretenders, inventors of useless patents, expounders of false reforms, educated people who were never taught to reason, with their heads turned by tables under imaginary spiritual influence, or, as a more intelligent class who have pretended to study Natural Philosophy at college, say—the electricity of the human body—proving that the latter are as ignorant of the phenomena of electricity, as the former are of spirits. We flatter ourselves upon our intelligence, yet we have seen almost the entire newspaper press—that index of the public mind—giving credence to the unphilosophical, but (to the ignorant) plausible explanation of the apparatus to produce the Paine light; in which, according to Professor Henry, the prominent features of its tremendous power was increased weakness. Do not imagine that all are to have credit who do not believe in these things, for if they could give no probable reason for their unbelief, their ignorance is no less than that of those who supposed there was sufficient evidence in its favor, and in other cases the unreasoning doubter might happen to doubt against the truth.

The gross but imaginative superstition of astrology and fortune-telling are confined to no grade of society, and even the intelligent class is sometimes degraded by the names of ignorant, venal or deluded members attached to recommendations of quack medicines, especially if the imposter who compounds them has at some period of his life been a regular physician.

Some educationists would have faith in the word of the master, the basis of instruction—a view which, if practised upon, would reduce the world to barbarism, especially if the teacher should be of the imaginative school. This doctrine is only true in theology, where the All-wise is the teacher; but if it be extended to other departments, when the pupil enters the world, or pursues his studies in after years, and finds perhaps that his teachers sometimes taught error, he will be likely to doubt their judgment in favor of religion, as well as their scientific views—a contingency which no system of education should foster.

In colleges and high schools it must frequently happen that different views are held by several instructors, and the subjects cannot be divided to prevent interference. For example, the professor of natural history may give a theory of the functions of an animal organ, different from that of the professor of chemistry; the professors of natural philosophy and mathematics might recommend different formulas—one may be a whig and the other a democrat—one set have faith in medicine, another in its counterfeit.

What becomes of faith in the master here? Some will say, the teachers ought to consult, and determine what should be taught, and when they cannot agree, be silent. But scholastic tuition is the commencement of a wider field in the world at large, upon which the pupil will soon enter. When there, he will find heterogeneous views not only on abstract subjects, but in the science of observation, and his judgment must be cultivated to enable him, not only to go with a given current, but to observe new phenomena and make more perfect generalizations of old ones.

Mathematics keeps its votaries so perfectly in the proper track, that they are not generally good investigators where observation and

judgment are required, and we consequently find that mere mathematicians are generally not remarkable for making logical deductions in general science, although mathematics is the most logical of the sciences. It is only when the mathematician cultivates the sciences of observation that we see the triumphs of the human mind, as in astronomical research; where minute observation, careful manipulation, exact comparison, and profound judgment, are brought into action. Research in other branches of natural philosophy, in mechanics, engineering, natural history and chemistry also bring the reasoning powers into activity, and afford facilities to a much greater number of inquirers. I say *research*, for this is necessary to develop the mind. It is not only necessary to show experiments, but to let the pupil make them occasionally, and draw whatever deductions they afford.

Education is the drawing out of the mind, partly by informing, suggesting observation, eliciting inquiry, and directing through proper channels to accurate results. Let the pupil be led to the elementary principles of natural philosophy without books, according to the plan of Miss Edgworth, and he will discover the mechanical powers, and develop, for example, the theory of the screw. In chemistry, let him occasionally make an easy analysis, weighing its products and calculating the results. Let him not only be told the distance of the sun, but how its distance is ascertained, and by what means we know that the planet Jupiter is more distant from the sun than Venus; and in case a pupil remains a sufficient time in a school of the higher grade, let the phenomena, which a planet presents, be followed through a cycle, and the results noted. Let him learn manual dexterity in the use of tools, and become acquainted with the details of machinery. Let him collect shells, or plants, or minerals, and determine their classification, and above all, let him know what vast fields of investigation and discovery are open to all who by correct habits of research are able to enter upon them.

There is an idea painfully working its way into the skulls of the literary public, that the people are not satisfied with the mental food which amuses, but does not instruct them; and literary magazines are found containing a scientific article occasionally. Here is a magazine for July, 1853, having an article on shells, which under the garb of truth, and with some admitted facts, is in the main a tissue of absurdities, containing views never held by any conchologist. Yet the article is founded upon extensive reading, and rare authorities, but what use is bibliographical research, if the compiler is too ignorant to use it?

Here then is a magazine with the enormous circulation of 125,000 copies, and therefore with power to furnish amusement in literature and instruction in science, debasing the latter and cheating its readers like the almanacs of the nostrum venders. Here the anonymous author and editor appear on the same mountebank platform of ignorant and credulous presumption; the author in preparing his literary hair expectorants, or wooden nutmegs, and the editor in circulating them. Fortunately the admission of an article so false, and yet so readily verified or exposed, shows that the editor's opinion on anything beyond the style of a bonnet or cut of a gaiter is worthless, how-

ever finely he may write; and that consequently, he may as well appropriate articles from unacknowledged sources, thus breaking a rule of common honesty in science and literature; and seated on his shop-board, continue to stuff his band-box with these latters snipped and cabbaged from unmentioned pattern-books; giving a pleasing variety to the clip of his shears, in practising his trade of literary man-milliner on the caps, flounces, and dress patterns of his fashion cuts.

In the article in question, it is stated that "the greater number are possessed of tentacula or feelers at the extreme end of which are found the eyes." These eyes can be "withdrawn and hidden in the belly!" Few mollusks can withdraw the tentacles, and few have the eyes at their extremity. The Nautilus is said to have sails, but the number is not stated. The genuine pearl mussel is placed in the wrong genus, and it is stated to inhabit the West as well as the East Indies. *Species, specimen, and variety* are confounded. He says, incorrectly, that the Argonauta can relinquish its shell and move about without it, an assertion which is made in regard to snails in one of our school books. The Echini, which are radiate animals, are classed with the mollusca. The operculum of univalves is said to be a protection against winter (although the cold could penetrate the shell) and against evaporation, although most of the operculate species are marine and abundant in the tropics. The skin is confounded with the mantle, and this is said to close a bivalve shell which is mentioned.

Putnam's, a better magazine, is not free from error in natural science. In vol. 1, p. 572, for May, 1853, there is a well-written article on Eagles, which gives the general reader a high opinion of the knowledge and research of the author. Yet he speaks of the *Haliaetus Washingtonii* as "the largest and most powerful of all the true eagles," and mentions "that noble collection, the Lyceum of Natural history at Philadelphia." This author cannot be an ornithologist, or he would not have misnamed the finest collection of birds in existence, and confounded an institution in Philadelphia with one in New York. As well might an educated American confound the colleges of Yale and Harvard.

In contrast to these, I will call attention to the *Massachusetts Teacher* for January, 1850, containing an article by Professor Agassiz, on the "Importance of the study of Natural History as a branch of elementary education."

I wish to see imaginative studies not excluded, but directed to more truthful results, and kept in proper subordination, until the habits, principles and tastes of the young are confirmed in studies which are more arduously required. The fact that twenty novels or poems are written and read, to one history or book of travels, is sufficient evidence of the over cultivation of the imagination in the education of the present race of adults, yet I do not proscribe them, nor frivolity, caricature, nor even superficiality, amongst those who cannot be expected to aim at anything higher after the habits of life are fixed. The common circulating library is as much frequented by one class of society as the bar-room is by another, and the two run a remarkable parallel. Thus, Sue furnishes the literary

brandy, Scott the whisky, Byron the gin, Moore the wine, Thackeray the soda water, Dickens the beer, and Headley the dish water.

The Stygian stream of ink must, therefore, flow on, amusing, exciting, flattering, abusing or deceiving us, through the instrumentality of that Literature which Carlyle characterizes as "a perfect Babylon, the mother of abominations, in very deed making the world drunk with the wine of her iniquity."

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

— Madame de Staël, one night expatiating on the merits of the French language, and illustrating her meaning by the word "sentiment," which has no exact equivalent in English, Lord Palmerston answered her that we had a phrase which to a nicety expressed the "sentiment" of the French,—namely, "Tis all my eye and Betty Martin."

— The best guide at Waterloo is said to be one Sergeant Munday. Mr. Dickens, it appears, conjointly with another gentleman, secured the sergeant's services a short time since for going over the field. The guide, quite unconscious of his patron's name, rattled away with the utmost loquacity and earnestness for a considerable period, when he suddenly came to a pause as if to recollect himself a little. "Well, sergeant," exclaimed Dickens' friend, "I admit you can chatter away pretty fast, but you're certainly not able to wag that tongue of yours as quickly as this gentleman can write." With that, Munday glanced over his shoulder at the notes the other gentleman was taking, and found them to be written in a hieroglyphic shorthand. By the next week's post a pamphlet was presented to the intelligent sergeant, which proved to be a number of "Household Words" containing a prominent article, headed "A Day at Waterloo," wherein Munday is much extolled.

— We find the following startling stanzas (evidently from a neat and practised hand) in the *New York Atlas* :—

"THE SWEDENBORGIAN STOREBOY TO HIS LADY LOVE.

"I'm a pale knight of the yardstick; a pensive counter boy;
Yet strange to say, dear Mary Jane, I have my stock of joy:
To sell off broadcloth by the piece, and buttons by the card,
Beneath the sunshine of your smile, ah! who can call it hard!

My notions square with Swedenborg's, that in the world of bliss
We shall have the same employment that we've pursued in this;
And I feel 'uncommon proud' to think that when Death's shears have riven
The threads of my existence, I shall clerk it up in Heaven.

Hardly had I closed my shutters, and my eyes the other night,
When a vision boosted me aloft some distance out of sight,
Where the blessed angels all wear veils, without respect of sex,
And the gas burned so infernal bright that I had to wear green specs.

Cherubs and angels I beheld, all in their happiest moods,
And clothed in shining garments, the highest style of goods—
But, oh! it thrilled my inmost soul, within that bright abode,
To see thy image, Mary Jane, attired a la mode!

The splendid gown you wore was made of
figured calico,
Far more superb than anything we have on
earth to show;
The full skirts had three charming tucks, and
the bodice looked so nice,
'Twas gathered up so artist like, that the sight
was Paradise.

The cap was of a kind of crape I never saw
down here,
Less tangible than gossamer or an undefined
idea,
The crown of it was fancy stuff, and the front
piece set with stars
That glimmered, by my buttons! like the very
blaze of Mars.

'O could these angels visit us, poor devils on
the earth,'
Cried I, in sudden ecstasy, 'How much they
would be worth;
Sure that's the good time coming, and when it
does come, I
Shall have some proper customers, and dry
goods will be high.'

'Not so, my friend,' said Gabriel, 'that surely
cannot be,
'Twould be going down the sliding scale a
little too rapidly;
But, at a future day, if you'll escort your
lady up,
I'll seek some location where you may keep
your shop.

'You can also trade below stairs, and if you
so incline,
Transact a trifling business on the Devil's own
confine;
And though his customers thus far have, in the
long run, failed,
You can cheat him out of everything save
what has been entailed.'

Then said I, 'When I'm promoted to stand near
Heaven's gate,
What splendid opportunities there'll be to
speculate;
And, among the wondrous systems that shall
roll before my view,
I may the high-priced system hold fast till all
is blue!

'Won't it be extra superfine listening to angels
harps,
To measure muslin to the saints, and sell them
blunts and sharps,
To have a long account with them throughout
the eternal year,
Won't it, my jewel, make the joys of Heaven
doubly dear?

And sweeter than my stipend is the thought
that, in the skies,
Lovers shall be to lovers joined, no less than
hooks and eyes—
That, unlike the goods we had below, our joys
shall never 'fall';
And, unlike our earthly prices, cannot fluctu-
ate at all."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In noticing, last week, a "Record of the
Boston Stage," by W. W. Clapp, Jr., we gave
the credit of publishing to Messrs. TICKNOR
& Co. It should have been Messrs. JAMES
MUNROE & Co.

Mr. S. HUSTON, of the *Knickerbocker*, has
in press, and will shortly publish, "Harry
Hanson, or the Benevolent Bachelor," a story
of Life in New York: by the author of the
"Attorney." In one volume, handsomely il-
lustrated.

Also, "January and June, or Out-door Think-
ings, and Fire-side Musings." By Benjamin F.
Taylor. This will be elegantly printed and
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Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist,
Prescot street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

SIR,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest
on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years.
A customer, to whom I can refer for any inquiries, desires
me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had
been troubled for years with a disordered liver and bad
digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence
of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set
in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not
being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was in-
duced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the
first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She
continued to take them, and although she used only three
boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I
could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from
the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think,
speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills.

(Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

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Copy of a Letter inserted in the *Hobart Town Courier*,
of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walsh.

Margaret McConnigan, nineteen years of age, residing
at New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheu-
matic fever for upwards of two months, which had en-
tirely deprived her of the use of her limbs; during this
period she was under the care of the most eminent medi-
cal men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was con-
sidered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try
Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do,
and in an incredible short space of time they effected a
perfect cure.

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SIR,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of
Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from
a pain and tightness in the stomach, which was also ac-
companied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me
from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and with-
standing my advanced state of life, these Pills have sore-
ly relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made
acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by
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empty green benches showed that he was too wise for his generation. "He was ignorant or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacities and tastes of his hearers."

Mr. Macaulay's intellect has little in common with Burke's; nor can he complain of meeting with a similar reception in the House of Commons. When he rises, it is the signal for general expectation. The benches, the library, are deserted. The benches are speedily crowded. The telegraph soon flashes the news to the clubs and opera houses. Drowsy members get to nod; or if they do, it is in members' approbation. But though he is ever heard with delight, it is a different delight from that which followed the great efforts of Fox and Shiel. You are astonished and charmed, rather than touched. You feel that the great magician views the subject from quite another point from that which satisfies almost all the other speakers. While they are thinking of the division, he is enforcing the principle. While they are weighing the prospects of Lord J. Russell and Mr. Disraeli, he is thinking of Lord Rockingham and Charles Townsend, or comparing Sir C. Wood with Chancellor of the Exchequer Dashwood. He is still the great essayist, pouring forth masses of instruction sparkling in the most brilliant language. It is the lecture of a professor rather than the appeal of an associate. He addresses himself too much to the imagination, and not enough to the passions; and thus, though he may convince and captivate the intellect, he does not storm the heart. How different from the fiery fury of Chatham on the resistance of America, or the splendid pathos of Mr. Shiel on the Irish Municipal Bill! Indeed, Mr. Macaulay's chief defect as an orator is that he is two intellectual. He speaks from an eminence, not from the level of his audience. The convictions which he expresses are most sincere, but they are evidently the product of his understanding rather than of his feelings. He denounces slavery, not so much from an inward moral hatred of oppression, and compassion for suffering, as because his reason tells him that it is fatal to the rights and advancement of man, while his imagination draws a fearfully true picture of the horrors which it entails.

If we are thus constrained to deny him the first rank in the noble army of the masters of declamation, we shall have less difficulty in refusing him admittance to the goodly fellowship of debaters. A great debater he assuredly is not; though even in this department he is far from destitute of claims to our respect. Look, for example, at the skill with which, in his first speech on the Reform Bill, he replies to Sir R. Inglis's theory of "virtual representation," and to the assertion that the old system "works well;"—"If it be said that there is an evil in change as change, I answer that there is also an evil in discontent as discontent." Again, his speech on the sugar duties, in February, 1845, brilliant and most masterly as it is in its general character, possesses, even as a debating effort, very considerable merits. But ordinarily it is otherwise. His warmest admirers must admit that this is not the line in which Mr. Macaulay excels.

In truth, the science of debate is one of a most peculiar nature, and requires in its disciples a singular combination of faculties, moral and intellectual, many of which, be it observed, are by no means the exclusive property of the greatest minds. It demands

boldness and self-possession, subtlety and shrewdness of intellect, tempered with strong common sense to preserve the speaker from hypercritical refinements. It demands clearness in arrangement and expression; a ready fund of wit, or, in default of this, an overwhelming earnestness of manner; and, above all, that readiness and exceeding keenness of apprehension—the *αγχινοια* of the Greek philosophers—that is, never for a moment at a loss; ever keeping watch in full armor at its post. It demands, also, as we have said before, intense sympathy with, and consequent command over, the feelings of the audience: coolness, yet instantaneousness in planning the attack; ardor, and even passion, in executing it. The blows must fall thick, heavy, rapid. The barrel must fire, revolve, and fire again. Each fortress of the enemy must be stormed in detail, and all the forces at command unsparingly concentrated upon each. Napoleon's well-known tactics are everywhere irresistible. After the battle of Austerlitz, an interview took place between Savary, his ambassador, and the Emperor of Russia. Alexander paid a just tribute to the wonderful genius of his conqueror, but contended that the French army was at least double his own. "Your Majesty is misinformed," replied Savary; "our force was inferior to yours by at least twenty-five thousand men. But we manœuvred much; and the same division combated at many points." So should it be in debate. Even with a weak cause to defend, a great debater may often damage a formidable antagonist. He is like the sword-fish to the whale. Superior activity and command of weapons compensate for inferiority in strength. The point of attack must never for an instant be doubtful. The onset must be incessantly sustained. If a principle is to be laid down, if an anecdote is to be related, it must be done with the utmost brevity, and the application to the point under discussion immediately enforced. Disquisition in such a case is clearly out of place. The object is, not to investigate truth, but to gain the speaker's point. To attain this he must admit no hesitation, no compromise, no balancing of merits—we had almost said, no moderation. He must keep his end in direct view, and strain every nerve to grasp it.

From what we have before said it will be seen that Mr. Macaulay is not, in our belief, eminently distinguished by the possession of these faculties. His mind, it is true, is essentially critical. Messrs. R. Montgomery and Croker are living proofs that he is not wholly devoid of sarcasm. But as M. Dupleix required the calm of the cabinet for the full exercise of his versatile powers, and complained that the whistle of cannon-balls interfered with the repose essential to the equilibrium of his intellect, so we think that Mr. Macaulay, as a critic, is more formidable at his writing-table than in the battle-field of the House of Commons. His brilliant wit and lively illustrations demand time and elbow-room to secure their fair development.

There is one characteristic of these speeches which we must notice with much pleasure: they are singularly free from bitterness and personalities. And yet the orator has witnessed and borne a part in stormy debates. The Reform Bill, the ejection of his party from office, the credit of free trade measures passing to Sir Robert Peel—all these, and many others, are occasions on which a Whig might have been excused for expressing him-

self with warmth. But throughout these two volumes there is not, so far as we have observed, a single hard expression which Mr. Macaulay need wish recalled; while there are many instances in which he has paid graceful tributes to the integrity and pure motives of the men from whom he felt himself called upon to differ.

There is a most marked similarity—even in words—between his speeches and his essays. If it be true that "Nature never repeats herself," then is Mr. Macaulay no true follower of Nature. He very often repeats himself. The speech of March, 1830, on the Civil Disabilities of the Jews, is the unequivocal offspring of the Essay of 1829. Never was the identity of the parent more manifest. The style and the arguments are not similar but the same. In his speeches and essays alike, Mr. Macaulay is fond of continual illustration, whether by reference to history, or by allusion to matters and implements of everyday life. He is never more at home than when producing lively analogies in the style of Plato. His celebrated criticism of Mr. Gladstone's "Church and State" is full of these. His speeches abound in them.

Out of many, we will select a most characteristic passage from his fine speech on the East India Bill, July 10, 1833. It is far more elaborate and comprehensive than the one which he delivered a few weeks ago on the same subject. But the ideas will be recognised as kinsmen. We would recommend the remarks on examination tests to Lord Ellenborough's serious attention:—

"It is proposed that for every vacancy in the civil service four candidates shall be named, and the best candidate elected by examination. We conceive that, under this system, the persons sent out will be young men above par—young men superior, either in talents or in diligence, to the mass. It is said, I know, that examinations in Latin, in Greek, and in mathematics, are no tests of what men will prove to be in life. I am perfectly aware that they are not infallible tests; but that they are tests I confidently maintain. Look at every walk of life—at this house—at the other house—at the bar—at the bench—at the Church—and see whether it be not true, that those who attain high distinction in the world are generally men who were distinguished in their academic career. Indeed, sir, this objection would prove far too much even for those who use it. It would prove that there is no use at all in education. Why should we put boys out of their way? Why should we force a lad, who would much rather fly a kite, or trundle a hoop, to learn his Latin grammar? Why should one keep a young man to his Thucydides or his Laplace, when he would much rather be shooting? Education would be mere useless torture if, at two or three and twenty, a man who has neglected his studies were exactly on a par with a man who has applied himself to them—exactly as likely to perform all the offices of public life with credit to himself and with advantage to society. Whether the English system of education be good or bad is not now the question. Perhaps I may think that too much time is given to the ancient languages and to the abstract sciences. But what then? Whatever be the languages—whatever be the sciences which it is, in any age or country, the fashion to teach, those who become the greatest proficient in those languages and those sciences, will generally be the flower of the youth—the most acute—the most industrious—the most ambitious of honorable distinctions. If the Ptolemaic system were taught at Cambridge instead of the Newtonian, the senior wrangler would nevertheless

be in general a superior man to the wooden spoon. If, instead of learning Greek, we learned the Cherokee, the man who understood the Cherokee best, who made the most correct and melodious Cherokee verses, who comprehended most accurately the effect of the Cherokee particles, would generally be a superior man to him who was destitute of these accomplishments. If astrology were taught at our universities, the young man who cast nativities best would generally turn out a superior man. If alchemy were taught, the young man who showed most activity in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone would generally turn out a superior man."

We think that Mr. Macaulay's nice perception of art should have taught him that so many analogies heaped upon one another are not unlikely to dull the point of each. His hearers, we feel sure, would have been satisfied even if the discourse on astrology and alchemy, lively as it is, had been omitted. But the whole passage is eminently characteristic, and the humorous introduction of Cherokee participles not a little happy.

In his speech on the 1st of June last, which re-introduced him to Parliament, we find him quite unchanged. His fancy is as fertile as ever. In reply to the argument that the Master of the Rolls is paid to give his whole time to the performance of his official duties—that it is desirable to enforce a division of labor—and that he ought not to waste his time in Parliamentary business—the orator declares with great force:—

"I deny that this is an argument of any weight whatever. I say that the principle of a division of labor is one of great value and importance; but it is one which can be most easily abused. You can hardly carry it too far in matters mechanical; but you may easily carry it too far in the higher operations of labor and in matters of intellect. I do not doubt that in pin-making, as Adam Smith has said, the pins will be best made where one man makes the head, and another cuts the wire, and another rolls it up, and another sharpens the point. But I do not believe that Michael Angelo would have been a greater painter if he had not been a sculptor. I do not believe that Newton would have been a greater experimental philosopher if he had never been a mathematician and a logician. And I do not believe that a man would be a worse lawgiver because he is a great judge. On the contrary, I believe that there is as close a connection between the functions of the legislator and those of the judge as there is between anatomy and surgery; and it would be as absurd to exclude the judge from taking a part in legislation as it would be absurd to exclude a surgeon from the practice of anatomy, and for people to say, if they were looking out for the best surgeon, that they would have one who knew nothing of anatomy."

We must find room for one more passage as a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's declamation in his younger days. It is taken from the peroration of his first great speech on the Reform Bill, March 2, 1831. After inveighing with singular vehemence against the folly of those who, heedless of the signs of the times, demanded that reform should be delayed:

"Let them wait," he cried, "if this strange and fearful infatuation be indeed upon them—that they should not see with their eyes, or hear with their ears, or understand with their heart. But let us know our interest and our duty better. Turn where we may—within, around—the voice of great events is proclaiming to us, Reform, that you may preserve.

Now, therefore, while everything at home and abroad forbodes ruin to those who persist in a hopeless struggle against the spirit of the age,—now, while the crash of the proudest throne of the continent is still resounding in our ears,—now, while the roof of a British palace affords an ignominious shelter to an exiled heir of forty kings—now, while we see on every side ancient institutions subverted and great societies dissolved—now, while the heart of England is still sound—now, while the old feelings and the old associations retain a power and a charm which may too soon pass away—now, in this your accepted time—now, in this your day of salvation—take counsel, not of prejudice, not of party spirit, not of the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency—but of history, of reason, of the ages which are past, of the signs of this most portentous time. Pronounce in a manner worthy of the expectation with which this great debate has been anticipated, and of the long remembrance which it will leave behind. Renew the youth of the State. Save property, divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by their own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest and fairest and most highly civilised community that ever existed, from calamities which may in a few days sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing regret, amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order."

It may be observed that the latter part of this passage is, in many respects, similar to the peroration of Lord Brougham's famous speech in defence of Queen Caroline. It is really difficult to determine to which the palm should be assigned.

We have no space for more quotations. Otherwise we might call the attention and admiration of our readers to the two speeches on the Maynooth Grant, in the first of which the orator states with much force his view of Sir R. Peel's peculiar tactics. The speech on the Copyright Bill is full of good sense and information. That on Lord Ashburton's conduct in the management of the treaty of Washington reminds us of the high tone of political honor held by Chatham, combined with the judicial calmness of Mackintosh. The eloquent review of four centuries in the Inaugural address at Glasgow will not soon be forgotten.

But we must conclude. We heartily rejoice that Mr. Macaulay is once more a member of Parliament. His experience, his vast knowledge, his independent position, his stirring rhetoric, are a most valuable addition to a House where narrow utilitarian views and superficial smattering are even now too prevalent. He may render essential service to the country. On some special questions, such as slavery and Indian legislation, his hereditary connection and five years' sojourn in India render him peculiarly qualified to be a counsellor. He will never be heard without pleasure when he exerts his eloquence in behalf of those great principles of temperate liberty and progress which, throughout his brilliant career, by his pen and by his voice, he has uniformly striven to uphold.

SMITHSONIAN CATALOGUE SYSTEM.

[Set forth by PROFESSOR JEWETT, Librarian of the Institution, at the recent Convention of Librarians in this city.]

Few persons, except librarians, are aware of the nature and extent of the difficulties which have been encountered in attempting to furnish suitable printed catalogues of large and growing libraries; difficulties apparently insurmountable, and menacing a common abandonment of the hope of affording guides, so important to the literary accumulations of the larger libraries of Europe.

While the catalogue of a large library is passing through the press, new books are received, the titles of which it is impossible, in the ordinary manner of printing, to incorporate with the body of the work. Recourse must then be had to a supplement. In no other way can the acquisitions of the library be made known to the public. If the number of supplements be multiplied, as they have been in the library of Congress, the student may be obliged to grope his weary way through ten catalogues, instead of one, in order to ascertain whether the book which he seeks be in the library. He cannot be certain, even then, that the book is not in the collection, for it may have been received since the last appendix was printed. Supplements soon become intolerable. The whole catalogue must then be rearranged and reprinted. The expense of this process may be borne so long as the library is small, but it soon becomes burdensome, and, ere long, insupportable, even to national establishments.

There is but one course left—not to print at all. To this no scholar consents, except from necessity. But to this alternative, grievous as it is, nearly all the large libraries of Europe have been reluctantly driven.

More than a century has passed since the printing of the catalogue of the Royal Library at Paris was commenced. It is not yet finished. No one feels in it the interest which he would, if he could hope to have its completeness sustained, when once brought up to a given date.

Not one European library, of the first class, has a complete printed catalogue, in a single work. The Bodleian Library is not an exception. It may be necessary to search six distinct catalogues, in order to ascertain whether any specified book was or was not in that collection at the close of the year 1847.

This is, surely, a disheartening state of things. It has been felt and lamented by every one who has had the care of an increasing library.

As a remedy for this evil, it is proposed to stereotype the titles separately, and to preserve the plates or blocks, in alphabetical order of the titles, so as to be able readily to insert additional titles, in their proper places, and then to reprint the whole catalogue. By these means, the chief cost of republication (that of composition), together with the trouble of revision and correction of the press, would, except for new titles, be avoided. Some of the great difficulties, which have so long oppressed and discouraged librarians, and involved libraries in enormous expenses, may be thus overcome.

The peculiar position of the Smithsonian Institution suggested the application of this plan, on a wider scale, and for a more important purpose, than that of merely facilitating the publication of new and complete editions of separate catalogues.

It had been proposed to form a general catalogue of all the books in the country, with references to the libraries where each might be found. The plan of stereotyping titles, separately, suggested the following system for the accomplishment of this important purpose:

1. The Smithsonian Institution to publish rules for the preparation of Catalogues.

2. Other institutions, intending to publish catalogues of their books, to be requested to prepare them in accordance with these rules, with a view to their being stereotyped under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution.

3. The Smithsonian Institution to pay the whole extra expense of stereotyping, or such part thereof as may be agreed on.

4. The stereotyped titles to remain the property of the Smithsonian Institution.

5. Every library acceding to this plan, to have the right of using all the titles in the possession of the Institution as often as desired, for the printing of its own catalogue by the Smithsonian Institution, paying only the expense of making up the pages, of press-work, and of distributing the titles to their proper places.

6. The Smithsonian Institution to publish, as soon as possible, and at stated intervals, a General Catalogue of all Libraries coming into this system.

The most important advantages to be derived from this plan will be the economy of time, labor and expense required for the preparation of a new edition of a catalogue, to include the books added since a former edition was published. On Professor Jewett's plan, when the catalogue of a library is published, it will be necessary to strike off only so many copies as are needed for present use. When the additions to the library have become so considerable as to make another edition of the catalogue desirable, or in lieu thereof a supplementary catalogue (always an unsatisfactory and embarrassing appendage), the new titles only will be stereotyped and inserted in their proper places among the former titles, all the titles being on movable plates. The pages of the new edition will thus be made up with convenience, and every book in the library will stand in its proper place in the catalogue. This process will be repeated as often as the growth of the library may make it necessary.

In this way, not only will the plates, used in a former edition, be made available for each subsequent edition, but when the plan is fairly and extensively in operation, most of the titles of books added to any given library, of whose catalogue a new edition is required, will, in the mean time, have been cast for some other catalogue, and thus occasion no new charge for any subsequent use, as far as the expense of casting the plates is concerned.

Another advantage of the proposed plan would be of the following nature: The libraries in any country (to some extent, indeed, in all countries), consist partly of the same books. Prof. Jewett states that, in the catalogues of public libraries of the United States, possessed by the Smithsonian Institution, there are embraced at least four hundred and fifty thousand titles. He estimates, however, after a laborious comparison, that among these there will not be found more than one hundred and fifty thousand different titles. It follows, that if the plan proposed had been applied to the publication

of these catalogues, two-thirds of the expense of printing them, as far as the cost of plates is concerned, would have been saved, by incurring the extra expense of stereotyping the remaining third according to this plan. The economy to each particular library, in the expense of plates for its catalogue, will be in proportion to the number of books which it may contain in common with any other library whose catalogue has been already stereotyped on this plan. The title of the same book, in the same edition, will of course be cast but once, and will thence forward serve for the catalogue of every library possessing that book, which may enter into the arrangement.

A third advantage resulting from this plan will be the facility with which a *classed* catalogue, either of a whole library or of any department of it, might be furnished at short notice, without the expense of writing out the titles, or casting new plates, by the simple indication of the selected titles, in the margin of a printed alphabetical catalogue.

Finally, the plan of necessity requires that the title of the books in the libraries, included in the arrangement, should be given on uniform principles and according to fixed rules; an object of no small importance to those who consult them.

In proportion as the plan is concurred in by the public institutions and individuals possessing valuable collections of books, the preparation of a general catalogue of all the libraries in the country becomes practicable, accompanied by references from which it would appear in what library or libraries any particular book is contained.

It may not be amiss to state that the material, which it is proposed to employ in the stereotyping, is much less expensive than common type metal; so cheap, indeed, that the whole expenditure on this account, even for so large a collection, would be of small importance. It is, beside, much lighter than type metal, more convenient in handling, and requires fewer and less expensive fixtures. It is not at all affected by dampness, or by any ordinary elevation of temperature.

The plates are mounted, for printing, upon blocks similar to those ordinarily used for stereotype plates, but with continuous clamps extending the whole length of the page. The breadth of page adopted is such as is suitable for a work in octavo, or in double columns in quarto or folio. The latter form (folio double columns) will probably be found most convenient, as well as most economical, for large catalogues. Presenting more titles upon a page, it enables a student to examine and compare, with greater facility, the various works of an author. It requires also less paper and press-work for the same number of titles. These considerations have led to the general adoption of the folio form for catalogues of large libraries.

In order that a beginning might be made in the execution of this plan, under circumstances highly favorable to its success, the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution were authorized to prepare a catalogue of the Congressional library on the above described plan.

Among the miscellaneous business of the Convention, the following Resolutions, offered by the Rev. Mr. Osgood, were of the most practical character, and should be effectually carried out:—

"Resolved,—That while we maintain most decidedly the importance of libraries of the

highest class, in furtherance of the most advanced literary and scientific studies, and rejoice in the rise and progress of our few great collections of books for professional scholars, we are convinced that, for the present, our chief hope must be in the establishment and improvement of popular libraries throughout the land.

"Resolved,—That the Business Committee be requested to call attention to the desirableness of a popular library manual, which shall embody the most important information upon the chief points in question, especially upon,

"1. The best organization of a Library Society, in regard to its officers, laws, funds, and general regulations.

"2. The best plans for library edifices, and the arrangement of shelves and books, with the requisite architectural drawings.

"3. The most approved method of making out and printing catalogues.

"4. The most desirable principle to be followed in the selection and purchase of books as to authors and editions; with lists of such works as are best suited for libraries of various sizes, from 500 to 1000 volumes, or upwards.

"Resolved,—That the Business Committee be requested to consider the expediency of memorializing Congress to procure the preparation of such a manual through the agency of the Smithsonian Institute."

The President appointed Mr. Guild, of Providence, and Rev. Mr. Osgood, of this city, upon the committee.

MMLLE. RACHEL'S HOUSE AND FURNITURE.

RACHEL, the incomparable French Tragedienne, for some reason or other, is about to sell her hotel. We translate from a French letter the following account of the establishment so offered for purchase. It may prove not uninteresting, as the description of the household *penetralia* of a personage noted for her taste and its gratification, amply seconded by a large fortune. Perhaps, also, some American may be induced to buy the hotel as it stands, from reading this catalogue of its merits and attractions.

Trudon st., in Paris, is at the end of a very quiet thoroughfare which forms an angle between Caumartin and Neuvedes Mathurin sts. This last runs into Chaussee d'Antin st., the other into the Boulevard of Capucine, and is in the heart of *beau Paris*. Thus much on the precise locality for the information of Americans. The residence of the illustrious artist enjoys air and space from a large court-yard, planted with trees and belonging to an old hotel facing it. It has the foundation and thick walls of a house which twelve years ago belonged to M. Walewskey, at present ambassador to the Court of St. James. Mademoiselle Rachel called in one of the most intelligent architects of Paris, M. Charles Duval (the same whose elegant plan of the Central Market Halls has such a fair chance of being adopted at this moment), and arranged with him for the reconstruction and distribution of her house.

The outside has an elegant appearance: An *entre-sol*,* a lofty story, *piano mobile* as the Italians say, an attic with the garret windows hidden, and four windows across. This exterior is in the quiet and moderate taste of the time of Louis XV., in its cornices, chombranes and balconies. The entrance (No. 4), by a covered doorway (*porte*

* French houses have generally a ground floor, and above that, at a very moderate height, a low story called an *entre-sol*; above this commences the first story so named, but almost the equivalent in height of the third story of an old-fashioned American-house.

cochere) in oak. The *allee*, laid in wood, to deaden the noise of coach-wheels, conducts to a court-yard sufficiently large to turn a vehicle in. This *allee* is in the style of Louis XV., with pilasters, foliage, and bas-reliefs. On the right the comfortable quarters of the house-porter (concierger) communicate with the kitchen, etc. Then comes what is called in Paris the *loge*, and the stairway, which is a wonder of beauty. This stairway is of the chivalric Gothic, with columns, ogives, voussures, statues, and all that could be required of stone carved and sculptured. The stairway is a master-piece of design and execution. It is lit from above in a mystic mysterious manner, through a cupola of colored glass, adorned with carved foliage, and provided with a bronze bell to announce the arrival of visitors. At the foot of this stairway are flower-stands, candelabra, and *armures*. Without going lower, we shall finish the ground floor.

At the bottom of the stairway is a little room where domestics and tradespeople wait. Windows of ground white glass, in lace pattern, adorn the ground floor. The stable for five horses is in the cellar, with an easy descent. Alongside the stable is a heater, distributing through the house the steam, which is free from the objections of heated air, injurious to some constitutions. It also connects with the bath-house. The court-yard is square, decked with ivy, and having an elegant fountain visible from the entry. The wall bounds the neighboring gardens, and at the foot of which are boxes of gay plants.

Ascending to the entresol, we find oak doors with iron ornaments. Here is a little anti-chamber of oak. A door to the left leads to a dining-hall. Its aspect is severe. It was *Hermione* who willed these walls, this ceiling, these draperies; it is her antique hand which has displayed these Tuscan vases. The decoration is Etruscan. Fawn-colored profiles worked in black, brightened with cinnabar, are stuccoed on a white ground. On the windows the silken fibres of Metelina, woven doubtless by Lucretia, and probably embroidered by Penelope with Grecian skill, are contrasted with chamois tissue over ptergas modeled from Herclaneum. On all sides are superbly carved woods, especially on the chimney-piece. Etruscan Vases are upon the latter. In the centre are a table and lamp. The antiquity of the room does not include the cubiculus of the Romans, but comfortable chairs instead.

At the end of the Pompeian dining-room is the pantry. An immense closet, of highly carved oak, contains one of the best stocks of silver ware in Paris. This evidently will not be sold. Through the pantry we arrived at the economically disposed kitchen. Returning to the ante-chamber and turning to the right, we enter the Salon of Conversation, passing rapidly from Rome to Smyrna, and from Etruria to Japan. Here everything is bright, smiling, charming. This salon has three windows opening on the court-yard and neighboring gardens. The ceiling is white. Rich Persian and Chinese stuffs hang around. A closet is in the same style. Here are congregated thousands on thousands of objects of art and curiosity from various countries. Sevres ware, ivories, bronzes, medallions, medieval treasures, armorial grotesque Chinese and Japanese productions, etc., are concentrated in the richest profusion.

Then come some rare paintings by celebrated artists. A splendid library of 5,000

volumes, carefully bound, is among the treasures. Besides this, are some fine pieces of statuary. As for the fine furniture and upholstery it would occupy too much time to describe them.

In a word, this splendid mansion and its contents are for sale. Who'll buy?—*Tribune*.

MUSCÉLLANY AND GOSSIP.

—Mr. William H. Powell has arrived in this city by a late steamer, bringing with him his national picture, "The Discovery of the Mississippi, by De Soto," in which he has been employed for the last five years at Paris. The picture comes from France with high complimentary endorsements of artists and critics, and will soon show for itself at the Art Union Rooms, Broadway, where it is to be on exhibition, with original portraits of Lamartine and other European celebrities.

—The donkey in the garret, from a late Paris letter in the *N. O. Picayune*:—

"A young scamp named Gaudry, a regular *gamin de Paris*, aged only fifteen years, was three days since brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, charged with stealing an ass. The particulars of this strange robbery, all of which came out at the trial, were extremely diverting, and caused much laughter. It seems that up to a week ago the juvenile rascal had slept in a garret over his mother, and had been in the habit, until the day previous to his arrest, of leaving the key with her, in order that she might make up his bed. Going out with the key in his pocket, and the mother shortly after hearing footsteps over head, her first impression was, that her hopeful son had secretly introduced a mistress into his apartment. With this impression she knocked at his door—knocked again and again—but without receiving any answer. Her curiosity now more excited than ever, she sent for a locksmith, the door was forcibly opened, and there sure enough the anxious mother found a female—a four-legged one—a female donkey. The neighbors were called in, and after many grave conjectures as to how such an animal could have got up five or six flights of stairs without being heard, the question next arose to how it should be got down. Not a step would it budge on its own account—with that inherent obstinacy which belongs to the donkey genus, it utterly resisted every attempt to force it to evacuate the premises in its own proper means of locomotion. Finally, in presence of an immense crowd which had collected, the legs of the animal were tied, and in this helpless condition it was fairly rolled and tumbled down the stairs, and when in the street, was claimed by a female who said it had been stolen from her. The young scamp on being arrested, stated that he had borrowed the animal without leave—a polite way of acknowledging the robbery—for the purpose of having a ride, and having ridden until late at night he was unable to return the donkey. He next drove it up the different flights of stairs leading to his garret, unheard and unperceived, intending to keep it as a riding animal; but however willing it was to mount the stairs, it resolutely refused to take the first downward step. A sentence of two years to the house of correction, awarded by the judge as a punishment, will probably prevent the youthful Gaudry from indulging in his penchant for donkey riding until his term expires."

—Interesting to sportsmen:—

"One Mr. Poeock has invented a portable kite and hawk, by which sportsmen are to be enabled to practise a shameful deception upon birds. The kite is made of green calico, stretched upon a wooden framework, so constructed as to be easily disjoined when there is no further need for its assistance. This kite

has attached to it an artificial hawk, which, on the kite becoming elevated, hovers in the air over the spots in which the grouse or partridges are supposed to lie. The effect of this manoeuvre is 'to cause the birds, though they may be very wild, to keep down until the sportsman advances sufficiently close to obtain a good shot, when they take wing!'"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, have in preparation, "Cowper's Poetical Works," 18 mo.; with illustrations. "Milton's Poetical Works." "Scott's Poetical Works;" each volume containing beautiful illustrations, "Memoir of John Pye Smith." "Smith's Theological Lectures." "Clinton; a Book for Boys." "My Schools and Schoolmates; or, the Story of My Education;" by Hugh Miller. "Village Sermons;" by Chas. Kingsley. "First Lines of Christian Theology." "Christian Progress;" a Sequel to the Anxious Inquirer after Salvation. "Glad Tidings; or, the Gospel of Peace." "Noah and his Times;" by Rev. J. Munson Olmsted, M.A. Also, a new work from the French of Bungener, entitled, "Priests and Huguenots," promising to be even more interesting than his "Preacher and King."

Messrs. TICKNOR & Co., Boston, will publish this month, "Prior's Life of Burke;" 2 vols., 16mo., with fine portrait. "Light on the Dark River; or, Memoir of Mrs. Hamlin, Missionary to Turkey;" by Margarette Woods Lawrence, with an Introduction by Dr. Storms. "My Two Sisters;" by Mrs. Judson. "The Young Voyageurs; or the Boy Hunters in the North;" by Capt. Mayne Reid. "Memoir of Robert Whenton," by his sister. "Haps and Mishaps of a Year in Europe," by Grace Greenwood. "Poems and Parodies" by Phoebe Carey. "Autobiography of Anna Cora Mowatt." "Dr. Charles Lowell's Sermons." "A Volume of Poems," by George Lunt.

The volume of Autobiographic Sketches published by Messrs. Ticknor & Co. is, we perceive by a recent announcement, now issued as the twelfth of the series of his writings, in their highly desirable edition. As it contains several of the papers printed in the collection entitled "Life and Manners," it is now published as a substitute for that volume. This course puts the American purchaser in possession of the latest corrections and additions of the author, and is in strict accordance with the best copyright interests.

Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Boston, announce: "The Conflict of Ages; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man." By the Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D. "The Works of Ben Jonson, with a Biographical Memoir." By William Gifford. "Christ in History; or, the Great Central Power." By Rev. Robert Turnbull, D.D. "English Notes; or, Observations in England." By Ralph W. Emerson. "The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher," with an introduction, by George Darley. "The Dramatic Works of Massinger and Ford," with an introduction, by Hartley Coleridge.

We regret to have to notice the death, last week, of Mr. EDWARD DUNNIGAN, Publisher, of this city. Mr. Dunnigan was distinguished as a publisher by his good taste and liberality; and these, with his enterprise, earned him a high and enviable position. His quiet, unobtrusive manners, however, made him unknown to many personally, even among the trade. Knowing this, and having been intimate with him for thirteen years, we were surprised and yet not surprised at the many notices of him in the daily journals of last week; not surprised, because his sincerity and worth, when known, warrant being held up for emulation, and these show he had many friends he thought not of, perhaps.

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A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE AFTER 43 YEARS'
SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70,
St. Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1881.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—At the age of 18, my wife (who is now 61), caught
a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since
that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly
inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months
together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep.
Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but
without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state
of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Adver-
tisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Oint-
ment; and as a last resource, after every other remedy
had proved useless, she consented to do so. She com-
menced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in
good health. Her legs are painless, without scar or scar,
and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have
witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43
years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of
health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been
the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a
fellow-creature.

(Signed)

WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG
OF 30 YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of
Gas Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield,
dated May 31st, 1881.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad
leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas
Works; accompanied by scorbutic symptoms. I had re-
course to a variety of medical advice, without deriving
any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be am-
putated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and
Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a
time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the
fact.

(Signed)

WILLIAM ABBS.

The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W.
P. England, Chemist, 18 Market Street, Huddersfield.
A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of
Penshurst, Kent, dated December 13th, 1880.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breasts for
more than six months, and during the whole period had
the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having
before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your un-
rivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills
and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her
case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a
month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that
various other branches of my family have derived from
their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recom-
mend them to all my friends.

(Signed)

FREDERICK TURNER.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

LITERATURE.

CHALMERS'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

THERE are letters of more general interest in the recently-published *Life of Chalmers*—letters which better exhibit the variety of character, the humor and home feeling, as well as the piety of the man, than those which are set forth in this supplementary volume. The present publication appears sent forth rather to gratify some of the friends of Chalmers, we should think, than to advance the knowledge of his peculiar views and positions. The correspondence is chiefly with ladies and clergymen, and rarely goes beyond a brief exposition of well-known points of Christian doctrine in reply to the inquiries of friends and parishioners. The fluency and pulpit style of Chalmers had not full scope for his powers in the dimensions of a letter. He had not time to condense his expressions or elaborate his illustrations for perpetuity in this exacting form. The best letter-writers must be men of leisure, and studious of a proper degree of artifice. So Cowper, Walpole, Pope and Lamb excelled. Chalmers had quite another duty—that of moving men in the world rather than of marshalling syllables in an epistle. It was enough for his purpose if his business epistles helped him on with the former. In this respect they were to the purpose, as in the practical correspondence with Mr. James Lenox, of this city, who was a liberal benefactor to the great cause of Chalmers, the Free Church of Scotland. There are thirteen letters to Mr. Lenox, from which we shall extract an occasional paragraph:—

LETTERS TO MR. LENOX.

"17th January, 1842.

"Your great kindness to our Church entitles you to know that we are still in deep waters, and to all appearance in circumstances of greater danger under our new Conservative than under our old Whig government. Meanwhile, I trust that a calm and resolute principle of adherence to the great cause of spiritual independence is in steady progress throughout our land; so that when the crisis comes, I hope and pray that our Church will be enabled to acquit herself with faithfulness and honor; and that, whether she continue or cease to be a national establishment, she will preserve unimpaired her moral weight in the country, and have the support, as well as the sympathy, of all good men."

"24th July, 1843.

"I have this morning received your noble benefaction of £1100. I last evening received a letter from Mr. McMillan, overflowing with gratitude to Mr. Johnstone and yourself for the similar sum which he had just received at your hands, and which at once places him in a state of sufficiency and perfect ease. May the Giver of all Grace plentifully reward such sacrifices for the good of His cause and His kingdom in the world."

"We are to send out Dr. Cunningham and another on an American mission. He may go soon enough to take this letter; but if not, I shall send by him notes of introduction to yourself and Mr. Johnstone; not that either of you shall add to the princely donations which you have already bestowed on us, but that you may confer the benefit of your in-

formation and advice in regard to the likeliest methods for the prosecution of their objects."

"I rejoice in the liberty you have given as to the disclosure of your name. I have no doubt whatever as to the great expediency of making it known in the way of example and excitement to others; and I shall feel it a great additional favor if you release me from the tie of secrecy in regard to your former benefactions, and more especially for that object wherewith Dr. Mackay is connected."

"24th Feb. 1844.

"I return you my most cordial thanks for the munificent offering of £1250 from the First Presbyterian congregation in New York. You say nothing as to the destination of it, and I shall therefore leave that undecided till the next General Assembly, making it depend on the then state of our funds whether it will go to sustentation or building."

"30th Dec. 1844.

"I should feel it a great favor if you or any of your friends would present me with your views on American slavery—a subject on which I am most anxious to be directed aright, detesting, as I do, slavery in all its forms, yet not prepared for those impetuous measures for which the ultras on both sides of the Atlantic are vociferating so loudly."

"21st April, 1845.

"I feel exceedingly obliged by your valuable and most interesting statements on the subject of American slavery. My growing infirmities and the weight of other engagements have determined me to give up the duties henceforth of a member to our General Assembly, else I should have taken part in the discussions which will certainly take place in May. But as I am in some degree pledged to make some manifestation of my views upon the question, I propose to prepare next week a letter for publication on the subject in one of the newspapers. Meanwhile, I shall derive the greatest aid from your representations, without, of course, committing you in the least by any formal notice of them. Our views are substantially the same, else I would never have written such a letter to Dr. Smyth, of Charleston, as I did, and upon which Lewis Tappan, on your side of the water, has commented so outrageously."

"September, 1846.

"I observe, and with the greatest satisfaction, your growing sense of the spiritual destitution which obtains among the working classes of your own land, or the great bulk and body of your common people—the very impression which I received, thirty years ago, from my first observations of the state of Glasgow, and on which I have been incessantly acting and arguing ever since. There is, indeed, a very great delusion among those who, satisfied with a superficial and rapid survey of the ecclesiastical state of a country in the number of churches, and the bustle of a full and crowded attendance on the most popular and prosperous of these, infer a sufficiency in the means and methods of Christian education for the community at large. I am very confident that the more minutely and statistically the matter is inquired into, the more certainly will it be found that your own America, like our own Britain, labors under the burden of a population miserably deficient in respect to all the observances of a Christian land. I see no remedy for the practical heathenism into which they have fallen, but a vigorous appliance of the territorial system, along with the indispensable grace from on high. I should rejoice in observing your liberality taking its direction toward the supply of your spiritual necessities at home; knowing, as I do, that they are such as might well absorb the means, not only of one, but of many Christian philanthropists, however

richly gifted with the blessings of abundance they might be. I repeat, that I should feel it a most selfish and unjustifiable thing on my part, should I continue to divert your attention from what I hold to be far the most profitable and fruitful direction to which you can betake yourself."

"I expect to send you a pamphlet which I recently published on the Evangelical Alliance. I had great pleasure in meeting with so many of the American brethren on their way to London. I should like to know your views upon this subject. Do you happen to know Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring, and Miss Fuller, all of New York? They were recently with me. Douglas, the slave, and Lloyd Garrison have recently come to Edinburgh, and opened their batteries on the Free Church, which I trust, on the other hand, will stand its ground against them."

"I will not relinquish the hope, and never can give up the desire of seeing you in this country. I rejoice that we are still at peace with America. Your remarks on a deviation from orthodox theology being slight enough at first not to endanger salvation, but diverging at length into deadly error, are of first-rate importance."

In a letter to Mrs. Coutts, the widow of a clergyman, and the lady in Edinburgh to whose house Chalmers's last visit, the day preceding his death, was paid, we have an expression of an improved sort of religious writing in a few sentences on

FOSTER'S ESSAYS.

"Have you read 'Foster's Essays'? They are written in a strain of very profound and original sentiment. The only Essay professedly religious is, 'On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion'—a most masterly performance, in which he stands forth the sturdy champion of all that is peculiar in the doctrines of the New Testament, but pleads the importance of delivering them in a phraseology and style of expression more congenial to the literary habits of the age. He, of course, does not surrender a single fragment of the sentiment, and even annexes the most pointed reprobation to the mind that can suffer itself to be seduced by the associations of taste from the truth as it is in Jesus. Yet, on the principle of being all things to all men, that we may gain some, it is right that the fishers of men should accommodate their bait to the prize which they are attempting to secure. He exposes the anti-Christian tendency of those sentiments which issue every day from the schools of polite literature. And on the principle that Christianity should be made to extend her triumphs in every quarter, he is for arraying her in the same academic elegance of style that has hitherto been too exclusively appropriated to subjects of general literature. You will of course perceive that it would be wrong in a country clergyman to be so far seduced by the splendor of this elegant speculation as to refine himself from the humble and untutored people among whom Providence has appointed him to labor. I may add (and it is a sentiment in which Foster most cordially acquiesces), that, in every mind seasoned with that taste which is from heaven, the native weight and importance of Scripture truth will be always seen to carry it over all the repulsions of a homely or obsolete style of expression."

A favorite idea with Chalmers of a sabbatical year to life, is expressed in a letter to another lady, written in 1840:—

"I am heartily tired of public life, and long, if God be pleased to spare me, for such an old age as my mother enjoyed, as if at the gate of heaven, and with such a fund of inward peace and hope as made her nine years'

* A Selection from the Correspondence of the late Thomas Chalmers, edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna. Harpers.

widowhood a perfect feast and foretaste of the blessedness that awaits the righteous. If I live, I shall be sixty on the 17th of March, entering the seventh decade of my life. It has been a fond speculation of mine, would that it were realized, to make that decade a Sabbatical one, bidding adieu to all official business, save that of my professorship, and spending the remainder of my days in the studies and exercises of sacredness. It greatly enhances my desire for such a consummation when I think of the bright and beautiful serene which sat on the evening of my mother's life."

Can we close our notices of Chalmers more appropriately than with these sentences?

MR. TRENCH'S LESSONS IN PROVERBS.*

A NEW edition of the volume of Mr. Trench on the Lessons in Proverbs gives us a welcome opportunity to revive that suggestive work. Though but a small book it contains the germ of a large volume, and readily expands into such dimensions in the mind of the reader. A proverb being, in one form or another, a thing of perpetual recurrence in conversation and reading, the philosophy which gives a key to its inner meaning and relations must supply an inexhaustible and unwearied employment for the mind. The subject like the same author's parallel study of words, grows upon the attention. The best evidence of this is Mr. Trench's second edition, which is not merely an enlargement of the first, but a more skilful re-arrangement of old matter in parts. The incidental remarks, for instance, on the "generation of proverbs" which were mostly given as an afterthought to the first chapter have here grown into an independent lecture—a position to which they are well entitled.

The use of proverbs on great occasions is a text which might provoke many illustrations from the curiosities of history. Mr. Trench gives an anecdote or two sufficient to lead the way to the investigation.

EMPLOYMENT OF PROVERBS.

"The proverb having thus had its rise from life, however it may be often impossible to trace that rise, will continually turn back to life again; it will attest its own practical character by the frequency with which it will present itself for use, and will have been actually used upon earnest and important occasions, throwing its weight into one scale or the other at some critical moment, and sometimes with decisive effect. I have little doubt that, with knowledge sufficient, one might bring together a large collection of instances wherein, at significant moments, the proverb has played its part, and, it may be, very often helped to bring about issues, of which all would acknowledge the importance.

"In this aspect, as having been used at a great critical moment, and as part of the moral influence brought to bear on that occasion for effecting a great result, no proverb of man's can be compared with that one which the Lord used when he met his future apostle, but at this time his persecutor, in the way, and warned him of the fruitlessness and the folly of a longer resistance to a might which must overcome him, and with still greater harm to himself, at the last: *It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.* (Acts xxvi. 14.) It is not always observed, but yet it adds much to the fitness of this proverb's use on this great occasion, that it was already, even in that heathen world to which originally it belonged, pre-

dominantly used to note the madness of a striving on man's part against the superior power of the gods; for so we find it in the chief passages of heathen antiquity in which it occurs.

I must take the second illustration of my assertion from a very different quarter, passing at a single stride from the kingdom of heaven to the kingdom of hell, and finding my example there. We are told, then, that when Catherine de Medici desired to overcome the hesitation of her son Charles the Ninth, and draw from him his consent to the massacre, afterward known as that of St. Bartholomew, she urged on him with effect a proverb which she had brought with her from her own land, and assuredly one of the most convenient maxims for tyrants that was ever framed: *Clemency is sometimes cruelty, and cruelty clemency.*

Later French history supplies another and more agreeable illustration. At the siege of Donay, Louis the Fourteenth found himself with his suite unexpectedly under a heavy cannonade from the besieged city. I do not believe that Louis was deficient in personal courage, yet, in compliance with the entreaties of most of those around him, who urged that he should not expose so important a life, he was about, in somewhat unsoldierly and unkingly fashion, immediately to retire; when M. de Charost, drawing close to him, whispered the well known French proverb in his ear: *The wine is drawn; it must be drunk.* The king remained exposed to the fire of the enemy a suitable period, and it is said ever after held in higher honor than before the counsellor who had with his word saved him from an unseemly retreat. Let this on the generation of proverbs, with the actual employment which has been made of them, for the present suffice."

The proverb used by Catherine de Medici suggests a principle in the occasional use and administration of proverbs which is not very complimentary to the candor, however it may be to the cunning of human nature. It is the disposition to cover up a doubtful act by the sagacity, wisdom, and assumed proper application of a proverb. A man may get off very well at times from the logical inferences of his conduct by a lucky recollection of a proverb. The wit tickles the mind, diverts the imagination and misleads the judgment. If any one wishes to cut short an argument either with his conscience or a troublesome opponent, he would do well to embrace the first proverb which offers itself. A proverb, in its nature, is so dogmatic, its brilliant wit is so dazzling that he must be a quick and acute arguer, and a very clear sighted disputant who is not turned from the course or blinded by it.

There is a cue to the profitable employment of a great deal of historic reading in the comparison of

GREEK AND ROMAN PROVERBS.

"To begin, then, with the proverbs of Greece. That which strikes one most in the study of these, and which the more they are studied, the more fills the thoughtful student with wonder, is the evidence they yield of a leavening through and through of the entire nation with the most intimate knowledge of its own mythology, history, and poetry. The infinite multitude of slight and fine allusions to the legends of their gods and heroes, to the earlier incidents of their own history, to the Homeric narrative, the delicate side glances at all these which the Greek proverbs constantly embody, assume an acquaintance, indeed a familiarity, with all this on their parts among whom they passed current, which almost exceeds belief. In many and most important respects, the Greek proverbs considered as a whole are in-

ferior to those of many nations of modern Christendom. This is nothing wonderful; Christianity would have done little for the world, would have proved very ineffectual for the elevating, purifying, and deepening of man's life, if it had been otherwise. But with all this, as bearing testimony to the high intellectual training of the people who employed them, to a culture not restricted to certain classes, but which must have been diffused through the whole nation, no other collection can bear the remotest comparison with this.

It is altogether different with the Roman proverbs. These, the genuine Roman, the growth of their own soil, are very far fewer in number than the Greek, as was indeed to be expected from the far less subtle and less fertile genius of the people. Hardly any of them are legendary or mythological; which again agrees with the fact that the Italian pantheon was very scantily peopled as compared with the Greek. Very few have much poetry about them, or any very rare delicacy or refinement of feeling. In respect of love indeed, not the Roman only, but Greek and Roman alike, are immeasurably inferior to those which many modern nations could supply. Thus a proverb of such religious depth and beauty as our own, *Marriages are made in heaven*, it would have been quite impossible for all antiquity to have produced, or even remotely to have approached. In the setting out not of love, but of friendship, and of the claims which it makes, the blessings which it brings, is exhibited whatever depth and tenderness they may have. This indeed, as has been truly observed, was only to be expected, seeing how much higher an ideal of that existed than of this, the full realization of which was reserved for the modern Christian world. Yet the Roman proverbs are not without other substantial merits of their own. A vigorous moral sense speaks out in many; and even when this is not so prominent, they wear often a thoroughly old Roman aspect: being business-like and practical, frugal and severe, wise saws such as the elder Cato must have loved, such as must have been often upon his lips; while in the number that relate to farming they bear singular witness to that strong and lively interest in agricultural pursuits, which was so remarkable a feature in the old Italian life."

We are glad to see a recognition here and there of old Fuller—the most copious of proverb makers—his books are the wittiest of productions, crystallizations of attic salt all over—and the wisest of proverb expounders. c. g.

WHY LIARS SHOULD HAVE GOOD MEMORIES.

"*Oblivis veteris proverbii; mendaces memores esse oportere.* Let me quote here Fuller's excellent unfolding of this proverb: 'Memory in a liar is no more than needs. For first lies are hard to be remembered, because many, whereas truth is but one: secondly, because a lie cursorily told takes little footing and settled fastness in the teller's memory, but prints itself deeper in the hearers, who take the greater notice because of the improbability and deformity thereof; and one will remember the sight of a monster longer than the sight of a handsome body. Hence comes it to pass that when the liar hath forgotten himself, his auditors put him in mind of the lie and take him therein.'"

There would have been no difficulty, and with more effective instances too, in extending these instances to many pages.

FULLER'S PROVERBS.

"No writer that I know of has a happier skill in thus adding wit to the witty than Fuller, the church historian. Let me confirm this

* On the Lessons in Proverbs by Richard Chenevix Trench, from the 2nd London Ed.—revised and enlarged. REDFIELD.

assertion by one or two examples drawn from his writings. He is describing the indignation, the outcries, the remonstrances, which the thousandfold extortions, the intolerable exactions of the papal see gave birth to in England during the reigns of such subservient kings as our Third Henry; yet he will not have his readers to suppose that the popes fared a whit the worse for all this outcry which was raised against them; not so, for *The fox thrives best when he is most cursed*; the very loudness of the clamor was itself rather an evidence how well they were faring. Or again, he is telling of that Duke of Buckingham, well known to us through Shakespeare's *Richard the Third*, who, having helped the tyrant to a throne, afterward took mortal displeasure against him; this displeasure he sought to hide, till a season arrived for showing it with effect, in the deep of his heart, but in vain; for as Fuller observes *It is hard to halt before a cripple*; the arch-hypocrite Richard, he to whom dissembling was a second nature, saw through and detected at once the shallow Buckingham's clumsy deceit. And the *Church History* abounds with similar happy applications. Fuller, indeed, possesses so much of the wit out of which proverbs spring, that it is not seldom difficult to tell whether he is adducing a proverb, or uttering some proverb like saying of his own. Thus I cannot remember to have met any of the following which yet sound like proverbs—the first on solitude as preferable to ill-companionship: *Better ride alone than have a thief's company*; the second against certain who disparaged one whose excellencies they would have found it very difficult to imitate: *They who complain that Grantham steeple stands awry, will not set a straighter by it*, and in this he warns against despising in any the tokens of honorable toil: *Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs*.

The promptness with which this new edition of Mr. Trench's book is issued by the American publisher, involving, as it does, the destruction of the stereotype plates of the first, is worth a passing notice. The trade is often remiss in affairs of this kind, keeping an imperfect book in the market long after its place has been supplied by an improved issue of the original in England, and unfortunately the author who is the proper custodian of the matter has no authority in the premises. Mr. Redfield has adopted a more just and liberal policy—and is entitled for it to the respect of the public.

HALLUCINATIONS.*

THE author starts with the definition of Hallucination as the perception of the sensible signs of an idea. He then treats of hallucinations under all the various circumstances they may exist—of hallucinations consistent with reason; of hallucinations in mental and bodily disease; in drunkenness, and under the influence of narcotics, opium, and other drugs; in dreams, nightmare, somnambula, and magnetism.

Hallucinations consistent with reason are subdivided into those corrected and those not corrected by the understanding. Of the former we have the following interesting illustration, in which the hallucination is not only corrected by the understanding, but summoned at will.

TALMA AND HIS SPECTRE.

"Hyacinth Langlois, a celebrated artist of the city of Rouen, intimately acquainted with Talma, related that this great artist had con-

fided to him the fact that, when he trod the stage, he could, by the force of his will, make all the brilliant dresses of his numerous audience disappear, and substitute skeletons for the living characters. When his imagination had thus filled the theatre with these singular spectators, his emotions were such as to give to his play a force which produced the most striking effects."

Of the second kind, hallucinations not corrected by the understanding, though consistent with reason, the author gives the following to illustrate facts:—

NAPOLÉON AND HIS STAR.

"In 1806, General Rapp, on his return from the siege of Dantzic, desiring to speak with the Emperor, entered the cabinet unannounced. He found him in so deep a reverie that his entrance was unperceived. The general, finding him remain immovable, intentionally made a noise. Napoleon then recovered, and, seizing Rapp by the arm, said to him, pointing to the ceiling, 'Look up there!' The general made no reply; but the question being repeated, he answered that he saw nothing. 'What,' said the Emperor, 'do you not see it? It is my star; it is before you beaming;' and growing more animated, he continued, 'it has never deserted me; I see it on every great occurrence; it urges me onward, and is an unfailing omen of success.' M. Passy, who had this anecdote from Rapp himself, related it to M. Amédée Thierry, at the same time that he delivered his interesting communication relative to his investigation of the vision of Constantine (*Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, Saturday, April 4, 1846). I also heard it from him."

BERNADOTTE AND HIS WITCH.

"We will relate a fact that proves what an ascendancy the marvellous had on the mind of the King of Sweden. He was desirous to settle, by the sword, the difficulties that Norway opposed to him, and to send his son Oscar at the head of an army to reduce the rebels, and bring them under his sway; but he was violently opposed by the Council of State. One day, after a violent discussion on the subject, he mounted his horse and galloped away from the capital. After a long ride, he reached the borders of a deep forest. Suddenly an old woman, strangely dressed, and with disordered hair, stood before him. 'What do you want?' roughly asked, the king. The apparent sorceress replied, without being disconcerted: 'If Oscar fights in the war you meditate, he will not give the first blows, but will receive them.' Bernadotte, struck with this apparition and these words, returned to his palace. On the following day, he entered the council, bearing on his countenance the traces of a long and agitating vigil. 'I have changed my mind,' said he; 'we will negotiate peace; but it must be on honorable terms.' Did those who knew the weak point in the mind of this great man work upon it to serve the cause of justice, reason, and humanity? or, rather, is it not probable that the thoughts which pre-occupied him, and lighted up the brain (as constantly happens in dreams, and even in waking hours), appeared objectively before him, and the mental operation was accepted as a real occurrence? This explanation appears to us more admissible than that an old cheat should be found exactly on the spot where the caprice of the king conducted him."

HALLUCINATION OF THE GREAT.

"Thus Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth.

"Byron imagined himself to be sometimes

visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain.

"The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel. She was then living in a town at a great distance.

"Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall.

"Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him. (*Complete Works*, t. xxii. p. 83.) The German psychologists give the name of *Deuterescopie* to this kind of illusion.

"Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed. Suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith, and the ambition of Cromwell, might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear, 'Thou wilt one day be king!' the protector would have refused the crown, as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts?"

The author tells an interesting story of Talleyrand, the inexhaustible source of anecdote and bon-mots, the scene of which is laid here in New York, on the Battery:—

TALLEYRAND FOREWARNED.

"One day, in presence of the old minister, the conversation was directed to those instantaneous warnings which might be considered as communications from the invisible world with man; some one observed that it would be difficult to find any celebrated man, who, either in his own person or that of an intimate friend, could not attest some supernatural event of his life. The prince remarked: 'I can never forget that I was once gifted, for a moment, with an extraordinary and inexplicable prescience, which was the means of saving my life. Without that sudden and mysterious inspiration, I should not be here to recount these curious details. I was intimately connected with one of my countrymen, M. B. We had always lived on the best terms, and in those stormy times, something more than friendship was needed to unite persons, when the expression of friendship required almost a divine courage. I had no cause to doubt his affection. On the contrary, he had, on several occasions, given me the most devoted proofs of his attachment to my person and interests. We had together quitted France to take refuge in New York, and had hitherto lived in perfect harmony. Wishing to increase our little capital, I had freighted a ship, half shares with him, to try our fortune in the Indies. We were ready for our departure, but waited for a favorable wind with the greatest impatience. This state of uncertainty appeared to sour poor B. to a most extraordinary degree. Incapable of remaining quiet, he roamed the city with a feverish activity, which, for the moment, excited my surprise, for he was always remarkable for his calmness and placidity. One day he entered the room, evidently under great excitement, although he used great efforts to restrain himself. I was writing letters to Europe. Leaning over my shoulder, he said, with a forced gaiety, 'Why do you lose time in writing these letters? They will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us make the round of the battery. The wind may become favorable; perhaps we are nearer to our departure than we think!' The day was magnificent, although the wind was high; I allowed myself to be persuaded. B., as I afterwards recollected, showed extraordinary alacrity in closing my desk, arranging my papers, and offering my hat and cane, which I attributed to the need of incessant activity

* Hallucinations: or the Rational History of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasy, Magnetism and Somnambulism, by A. Briere de Brismont. From the French. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

with which he had appeared overwhelmed ever since our forced departure. We threaded the well-peopled streets, and reached the battery. He had offered me his arm, and hurried on as if he were in haste to reach it. When we were on the grand esplanade, B. hastened still more, until we reached the edge. He spoke loudly and rapidly, and admired in energetic terms the beauties of the scene. Suddenly, he stopped, in the midst of his incoherent talk. I had disengaged my arm from his, and stood firmly before him. I fixed my eye upon him. He moved aside as if intimidated and ashamed. 'B,' cried I, 'your intention is to kill me; you mean to throw me from this height into the sea! Deny it, monster, if you dare!' The insane man looked at me intently with his haggard eyes for a moment; but I was careful not to remove my looks from him, and his eyes fell. He muttered some incoherent words, and endeavored to pass me, but I spread my arms and prevented him. Casting a wild look around, he threw himself on my neck and burst into tears. 'It is true, it is true, my friend! the thought has haunted me day and night like an infernal flame. It was for that I brought you here; see, you are not a foot from the precipice; another instant the deed would have been done!' The demon had abandoned him; his eyes were void of expression; a white foam covered his parched lips; the crisis had passed. I conducted him home. Some days of rest, bleeding, and dieting entirely cured him, and, what is the most singular circumstance of all, we never referred to the occurrence.

"The prince was persuaded that, on that day, his destiny would have been decided, and he never spoke on the subject without the greatest emotion."

In illustration of another division of the author's book, the effect of narcotics in producing hallucinations, De Quincey is called in to bear his interesting testimony; and the French author, Mr. Theophile Gautier, thus records the effect of the Eastern drug, *Haschisch*, on himself:—

THEOPHILE GAUTIER UNDER HASCHISCH.

"We had long heard," says this writer, "without giving much faith to it, of the wonderful effects produced by this substance. We were already acquainted with the hallucinations caused by smoking opium, but *haschisch* was only known to us by name.

"One of our companions, Dr. —, who had travelled much in the East, and was a determined opium-eater, was the first to yield to its influence, having taken a much larger dose than the others; he saw the stars in his plate, and the firmament in the soup dish; then turning his face to the wall, talked to himself, and burst into fits of laughter, with eyes flashing in the highest state of glee. I felt perfectly calm until dinner was over, although the pupils of the eyes of my other friend began to sparkle strangely and acquire a most singular turquoise blue tint. The table being cleared, I (still having my senses) arranged myself comfortably with cushions on a divan to await the ecstasy. In a few minutes a general lethargy overcame me. My body appeared to dissolve and become transparent. I saw the *haschisch* which I had eaten distinctly within me, under the form of an emerald, from which thousands of little sparks were emitted; my eyelashes lengthened indefinitely, twisting themselves like golden threads around little ivory wheels, which whirled about with inconceivable rapidity. Around me were figures and scrolls of all colors, arabesques, and flowery forms in endless variety, which I can only compare to the variations of the kaleidoscope. I still occasionally saw my companions; but they appeared disfigured; half men, half plants; now, with the pensive air of the ibis, standing on one leg

and again as ostriches, flapping their wings, and wearing so strange an appearance that I shook with laughter in my corner; and, as if to join in the buffoonery of the scene, I commenced tossing up my cushions, catching them as they descended, and twisting them round with all the dexterity of an Indian juggler. One of the gentlemen addressed a discourse to me in *Italian*, which the *haschisch* by its extraordinary power delivered to me in *Spanish*. Questions and answers were almost rational, and touched on indifferent matters, such as the theatres and literature.

"The first stage drew towards its termination. After some minutes I recovered my calmness, without headache, or any of the symptoms which accompany the use of wine, and feeling very much astonished at what had passed. Another half hour had scarcely elapsed, when I again fell under the influence of the *haschisch*. The vision this time was more complicated and extraordinary. Millions of butterflies, whose wings rustled like fans, flew about in the midst of a confused kind of light. Gigantic flowers with crystal calyces, enormous hollyhocks, gold and silver lilies arose, and burst into flowers around me with a crackling sound like that of bouquets of fireworks. My hearing was prodigiously developed; I heard the sound of color—green, red, blue, and yellow sounds struck me with perfect distinctness. A glass upset, the creaking of a chair, or a word spoken, howsoever low, vibrated and resounded like the rolling of thunder; my own voice appeared so loud that I dared not speak for fear of throwing down the walls, or bursting like a bomb; more than five hundred clocks chimed the hour with their flutelike voices. Every object gave forth a note of the harmonica or *Aolian* harp. I swam in an ocean of sound, wherein some passages of the *Lucia* and *Barbiere* floated, like little islets of light. Never before had I bathed in such beatitude; I was so encircled by its waves, so transported from all things earthly, so lost to self—that odious, ever-present witness—that I comprehend for the first time what might be the existence of elementary spirits, and angels, and souls released from this mortal coil. I was as a sponge in the midst of the sea; every instant waves of happiness washed over me, entering and departing through the pores; for I had become permeable, and, even to the smallest capillary vessel, my whole being was filled with the color of the fantastic medium in which I was plunged. Sounds, perfumes, and light reached me by multitudes of beams, delicate as hair, through which I heard the magnetic current pass.

"According to my calculation, this state must have lasted for three hundred years, for the sensations succeeded each other so numerously and powerfully, that the real appreciation of time was impossible. When the attack was over, I perceived that it had lasted a quarter of an hour.

"What is very curious in the intoxicating effect of the *haschisch* is, that it is not continuous; it comes and goes suddenly—raises you to heaven, and places you again on earth, without any gradual transition; like madness, too, it has its lucid intervals. A third attack, the last and strangest, terminated my oriental *soirée*. In this, my sight was doubled. Two images of each object were reflected on my retina, and produced a complete symmetry; but soon, the magic paste being entirely digested, acted with more power on my brain, and I became completely mad for the space of an hour. All kind of *Pantagruelic* dreams passed through my fancy; goat-suckers, storks, striped geese, unicorns, griffins, nightmares, all the menagerie of monstrous dreams, trotted, jumped, flew, or glided through the room. There were horns terminating in foliage, webbed hands; whimsical beings, with the feet of

the arm-chair for legs, and dial-plates for eyeballs; enormous noses, dancing the Cachucha, mounted on chickens' legs. For myself, I imagined I was the parrot of the Queen of Sheba, and imitated, to the best of my ability, the voice and cries of that interesting bird. The visions became so grotesque that I was seized with a desire to sketch them, which I did in five minutes, with inconceivable rapidity, on the backs of letters, cards, or any piece of paper on which I could lay my hands. One of them is the portrait of Dr. —, as he appeared to me seated at the piano, dressed as a Turk, with a sun painted on the back of his vest. The notes are represented escaping from the instrument in the form of guns and spirals capriciously intertwisted. Another sketch bears this inscription: 'An animal of hereafter.' It represents a living locomotive, with a swan's neck terminating in the jaws of a serpent, whence issue jets of smoke, with two monstrous paws, composed of wheels and pulleys; each pair of paws has a pair of wings; and on the tail of the animal is seated the Mercury of the ancients, who is confessing himself to be conquered, notwithstanding his heels. Thanks to *haschisch*, I have painted from nature the portrait of a goblin. Even now, I fancy I hear them whining and mowing at night in my old beaufet."

The subject of Hallucinations is thoroughly discussed in all its varieties, and we have it treated historically, philosophically, medically. The work is very complete, and, withal, from its wealth of illustration, full of exciting interest. Its anecdotes, stories, and illustrative facts are pleasantly presented, giving the book an attraction in common with Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," and Brewster's "Natural Magic."

LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

Harper's Magazine for October gives us the conclusion of "Bleak House," with the pleasant announcement of the new serial by Thackeray—"The Newcomes: Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family." It is to be commenced with the new volume of the *Magazine*. Its title promises a work where the author is most at home, in the caustic exhibition of the conventional weaknesses of society. A novelty of the book is to be in the illustrations by Doyle, the finished and inventive artist whom *Punch* lost a year or two since by its attacks on Catholicism. It is creditable to the enterprise of the Harpers that two thousand dollars have been paid by them for the early sheets of Dickens's novel, just concluded. They may fairly claim this as original matter for the *Magazine*. The American copyright articles are numerous, and constitute so important a part of this periodical, that it seems hardly worth while, as a matter of policy if not of principle, to violate the copyright authority of the publication, by the insertion of the few pages which are taken from miscellaneous English sources. If so taken they ought surely to be credited, which we are sorry to see they are not. But the *Magazine*, with its announced circulation of one hundred and thirty-five thousand, is certainly independent of this inconsiderable supply. One of its strongest features is the illustration of American topics and scenery, as in the historical papers by Lossing, and the travelling sketches by Richards. These might be still further extended, and be an important means of developing the resources and intelligence of the country.

Blackwood for September comes to us

with commendable promptness in the reprint of Scott & Co. This magazine appears to have acquired new life with the present season. It still challenges its position as the head of its branch of periodical literature. Lady Lee's *Widowhood* is continued with its strongly characterized scenes, though the plot grows more and more stogy, the hope deferred of the reader being put off by all sorts of tricky and conventional expedients. The leading article of the number, a review of "Burton's History of Scotland since the Reformation," is a plea for a more distinct recognition by parliament of the nationality of Scotland. Justice to Scotland is to be the cry, and a Secretary of State for the country, with a seat in the cabinet and a more liberal representation, among the terms of the proposed settlement. The book of travels reviewed is Max Schlesinger's "Wanderings through London;" of course an amusing article. The Shakspeare papers are continued with cleverness, but with a very one-sided avowal against the Collier edition in the treatment of the celebrated Dame Quickly emendation in the account of the death of Falstaff. An interesting geological topic is handled in the ripper on Coral Rings.

A vivid description of that stirring episode in England's history, *The Kentish Rebellion*, has been published by DE WITT & DAVENPORT. There is just enough of fiction interwoven with the story to make it a good historical romance. The fortunes of the hero, Cade, who was an instrument in the hands of the ambitious Yorkists, are quite marvelous, and the catastrophe sufficiently proves that success or defeat are the true results on which we glorify a patriot as gibbet a rebel.

Mr. J. MUSELL, the Albany editor and publisher, has presented the public with a fourth volume of his *Annals of Albany*. Its contents carry on the plan of the work in a chronicle of events from the oldest antiquarian resources to the present day. We have Records of the Court of Assize of the year 1666; the English Charter of Liberties of 1683; Passages of the "Albany" and "City" Records to 1705; the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt's visit to Albany and its vicinity in 1795; a continuation of Notes from the Newspapers from 1798 to 1805; ending with notable facts of the last year, and a series of meteorological tables. The plan of this work is excellent, and its execution is well worthy the support of the Albanians, and of historical libraries generally throughout the country, for its local information and unobtrusive patriotic spirit.

Parts IV. and V. of *Meyer's Universum* and two new parts, the third of the East and West sections of the *United States Illustrated*, keep up the interest of these publications as good household books for general circulation. The foreign scenery brings us some well-selected views of French, German, and Swiss localities, while the American presents sketches of the Hudson, the Monument at Baltimore, and views of Minnesota, the Mississippi, and the Ohio. The letterpress is full, and, as usual, written with spirit.

The re-publication (PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.) of *Lingard's History of England* has reached its third volume, bringing the narrative to the reign of Edward II.

The Conflict of Ages; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man.

By Edward Beecher, D.D. (Boston, PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.)—The design of this work is to trace the existence of evil in the world not, as is usual in most theological systems, to the sin of Adam, but to a pre-existent state in which every individual born into this world has previously existed, and like the fallen angels, having been created pure, incurred by individual wickedness the displeasure of the Almighty. In this mode the author thinks that he has avoided all the difficulties involved in the doctrine of sin inherited from Adam, as in his view the infant brings his sin into the world with him from a previous existence, having incurred its torments by his own act and not by that of a remote progenitor. The work is carefully written, and displays much research and reflection.

Christian Progress; a Sequel to the Anxious Inquirer after Salvation, by Rev. John Angell James. (American Tract Society).—A short practical treatise on a topic of universal interest from a pen long favorably known in this department of literary labor.

Notes on the Twenty-five Articles of Religion, as received and taught by Methodists in the United States, by Rev. A. A. Jameson, M.D. (Cincinnati, APLEGATE & Co.)—The objects of this work are so plainly set forth in its title as to call for no further explanation. The author seems to have executed his task with commendable care, and in an agreeable manner.

Francis's New Guide to the Cities of New York and Brooklyn and the Vicinity. (C. S. FRANCIS & Co.)—A well-prepared little volume, in which the *notabilia* of the city are arranged in separate departments, without reference to their position—as, for example, Churches, Charitable Institutions, Libraries, Hotels, Places of Amusement, &c. It contains well-executed wood-cuts, views of some of our principal public buildings.

A Treatise on the Law of Shipping, by Henry Flanders, author of "A Treatise on Maritime Law," 8vo. 580 pp., is a work of solid merit, and will prove a convenient and useful auxiliary to members of the profession, who are called on to investigate questions in Maritime Law. It is also a useful work for merchants engaged in maritime commerce, as a most clear and succinct manual of the law of the sea. The frankness with which the author expresses his doubts, or dissents from various doctrines and decisions is truly refreshing, and is what is due to the reader, that the cause of truth and science may be promoted by free inquiry. To give an example. In speaking of the opinion of the Court delivered by Chief-Justice Taney in the case of the propeller *Genesee Chief*, wherein it was ruled that the jurisdiction extends over all navigable waters—it having previously been held by Marshall and others, that it was limited to the ebb and flow of the tide—he says, "The reasoning is bold, manly, and direct—the Chief-Justice supports the proposition with force and ability; but he fails to make good his conclusions. As an argument showing the propriety and expediency of extending the Admiralty jurisdiction of the Federal Courts, it is satisfactory. But because a thing ought to be is no proof of its existence. The Chief-Justice demonstrates that it is highly expedient and necessary that the jurisdiction should be extended over the interior waters of the country, and therefore

concludes that it does extend over them. His reasoning makes out a case requiring an amendment of the Constitution. His conclusion, however, obviates the necessity of any dilatory process of that nature. It is the duty of a lawyer to bow to the decisions of the Courts with the same submission and resignation with which a Turk yields his neck to the bowstring. In that spirit it behooves the profession to submit to the doctrine of the Supreme Court in the case of the propeller *Genesee Chief*."

SPEECHES BY THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, M.P.*

[From the London *Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 27.]

WE owe much to America. Not content with charming us by the works of her native genius, she teaches us also to appreciate our own. She steps in between the timidity of a British author and the fastidiousness of the British public, and by using her "good offices" brings both parties to a friendly understanding. It was Germany, we are told, that first taught us the true merits of Shakspeare. From Mr. Redfield we learn to know and admire Macaulay.

It is curious, indeed, to trace the steps by which some of our distinguished popular writers have trod their way to literary renown. It is gained, not in virtue of their exertions, but in spite of them. Their greatness comes upon them unawares. They lie down at night well pleased to be the nameless authors of transitory essays. They wake in the morning, and find themselves classics. First, we may suppose, the youthful essayist, diffident of his powers, sends his contribution to one of our many periodicals; perhaps to the "Monthly Critic," possibly (if his heart be made of "sterner stuff") to the *Edinburgh Review*. His article appears. He thinks himself happy. His goal is reached. But there is in store for him a celebrity of which he little dreams. Some lynx-eyed Redfield from the other side of the Atlantic has caught sight of the modest pages, and detects in them at a glance the seeds of immortality, possibly of a successful speculation. In a few days, from 110 and 112 Nassau street, New York, they are travelling, far and wide, over the vast continent, unshackled (in these days of freedom) by any cramping Copyright Act. They go forth, no longer anonymous, "with all their imperfections on their head"—all those little blemishes "*quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura*"—to stand their trial in the broad glare of public criticism. An importation into England is threatened. The terrified "author in his own despite," not unnaturally wishing "that his writings, if they are read, may be read in an edition freed at least from errors of the press and from slips of the pen," is compelled to issue an authorized republication in London. His countrymen gladly welcome him back from his apprenticeship in America, and Mr. Redfield has the satisfaction of knowing that he has by a single stroke of policy pocketed many dollars, and raised a deserving man to the pedestal of fame. Listen to the testimony of Sir James Stephen—"It has seemed good," he complains, "to certain American booksellers to publish, with my name, repeated editions of a series of those contributions which I had destined to early forgetfulness. I am thus an author in my own de-

* Speeches by the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, M.P. New York: J. S. Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau street.

spite." So it was with Mr. Macaulay's famous "Essays," as we may learn from his own preface. So it was, too, with the graceful and witty verses of his distinguished Cambridge contemporary, William Mackworth Praed, of whom so many bright hopes were formed, cut short by his early death, even if their fulfilment had not been rendered doubtful by his constitutional indolence. And so, finally, has it been with these two volumes of "Speeches," which have often delighted the House of Commons, and which we are now enabled—thanks to Mr. Redfield's generosity—to make our own by the outlay of only twelve shillings.

In this case, also, as in the former, American coercion has proved triumphant. Mr. Macaulay has again succumbed. Messrs. Longman have already issued their advertisements announcing the speedy publication, under their auspices, of these tempest-tossed speeches, with the additional advantage of the author's own revision. Still we can hardly suppose that the "winged words" will be seriously clipped or altered. It would be unjust to accuse Mr. Redfield of forgery as well as appropriation. Indeed, since the volumes before us profess to give a mere transcript of the stern realities of Hansard, we may fairly assume that we possess in them a tolerably correct representation of the original; and we trust, therefore, that our remarks will not appear premature if even now we invite the attention of our readers to some of the main characteristics of the speeches, the merits of which, though long acknowledged, have, we believe, been greatly misunderstood.

It has been the fashion with some to speak of Mr. Macaulay's oratorical performances as mere displays of rhetoric. They think they have sufficiently discussed his claims when they have set him down for a rhetorician. Now, if by a rhetorician they mean a mere man of words, one who can tickle the ears of his audience by skilfully poised antitheses, round off a succession of sentences with Isocratian elegance, and conceal the barrenness of their ideas and the scantiness of their matter beneath the gaudy drapery of imposing periods—if this be their meaning, and it is a meaning which many affect to give, we can only say that, whatever they may know about the force of words, they know nothing of Mr. Macaulay. A rhetorician he unquestionably is, and much to his honor is it that he is so. Why this jealousy, this pretended contempt of rhetoric? Is it really a silly trifle, too insignificant to be noticed by practical men? There are few things more absurd than the intellectual "cries" which from time to time usurp a sway over the judgments of our countrymen. Sometimes there is a cry for "simplicity." Every shade of ornament is treason against the pure nakedness of truth. This folly is probably due in some measure to a mistaken idea of the character of our great Lake Poet, who was himself, it must be confessed, by no means free from the taint. It is possible for simplicity to degenerate into absurdity; at least, it may appear such to uninitiated minds. Which of the two names would more accurately describe the last stanza in "Peter Bell?"

"And Peter Bell, who till that night
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly;
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man."

But if the cry for simplicity may be pushed to absurdity, far more hateful is the cry for

"philosophy," for profound meaning in every word. By this code, to call a day "fine," is simply prosaic. The word presents no picture. Any Lincolnshire ploughman could hail you with "A fine day, sir!" No. You must call it "white-robed," "hope-bringing," "pleasure-throbbing," or add some other equally judicious compound—and be careful to apply the same rule to all connecting particles—and then you are a poet. Our admiration for Mr. Tennyson is very great; but we cannot help thinking that he has been to some extent instrumental in bringing in this unhealthy style of writing. He has grand ideas at the bottom of his works. His imitators catch the outward feature, invent a compound epithet, and believe that they have struck out a "picture" recommended by all the charm of terseness. These gentlemen should know that five or six fresh "pictures" in a single sentence may possibly confuse and obscure the brightness of the one which was intended to occupy the central position.

But, perhaps, the most absurd "cry" of all—and one much in vogue at the present day—is the cry for truth and reality. "Let us have plain English common sense," is the demand. "We are practical men. We want no appeals to the imagination."

What strange notions of truth and common sense these practical men must enjoy! If a speaker gives a careful digest of the state of the shares of the new Indian railway, he is speaking to the point; he is worth hearing; he is stating facts. But if he attempts for one minute to draw a picture of the general condition of India, its laws, its various nations, with their different customs, social and religious—and if, as in such a case is necessary, he draws on his imagination and that of his hearers—all this is mere talk, waste of time, foolish display. Why does he not sit down and make room for some statistic-crammed director?

Is it not plain that rhetoric is useful as a means to an end? Men are swayed by different influences. If you have to deal with a practical man of business, give him plenty of good, dry logic. If he be a man of quick feelings, lead him by his passions. Work upon his sense of justice and wrong. If he delights in metaphysical scepticism, beware of giving a short common-sense answer, but impress upon him the duty and the privilege of fully realizing the great fact of the absolute subjectivity of all our ideas of the Infinite—and you have him captive at your will. If his mind is disposed to conjure up images for itself, then draw him by his imagination. And what is this last art but rhetoric? We do not know that its province could be better defined than has been done by Lord Bacon. "The duty and office of rhetoric," he says, "is to apply reason to imagination for the better moving of the will." There are those whose will cannot be greatly influenced by this engine. There are many who are its slaves. With some men it is a trivial toy, with others a potent weapon.

Now what is the nature of Mr. Macaulay's rhetoric? Unless we are much deceived, his speeches are distinguished by one great merit, not now very fashionable—that of being founded upon some broad and comprehensive principle. The sentiments which he expresses are the result of much reflection. He does not extemporise an opinion because he is forced to speak—he speaks because he has some well matured opinion to deliver. He does not employ his ready flow of language

merely to satisfy the demand of the moment, or value his knowledge solely as a means of disguising ignorance. He is not satisfied with fluent ingenuity. He will have nothing but deep thought and deliberation. Whenever he speaks, you may be sure that he will treat the question on grounds of general expediency, not of party interest. He will try it by certain fixed principles, which are the guides of his political conduct. He will not enter into minute details. Those he leaves to others. He will bring the force of history and experience to bear upon the subject for discussion. He will show that the same question, as a matter of principle, has often been mooted in earlier times; and will point out vividly the consequences which resulted from the course then adopted. "He is a great reconciler of the new with the old." He reminds us of what we are too apt to forget, that the things which are happening now have happened aforetime, and that their records were written for our instruction. His learning is immense, but "never tyrannises over his common sense." He uses it as a servant, not as a despot. It is at every moment available, to suggest, to illustrate, and to guide.

These are excellences which a literary life alone can give. The man who, from his earliest youth, is hurried into politics, and engrossed with the machinery of official details, has scarcely time to meditate much upon general principles. He must continually be thinking of what is next to be *done*, rather than of what *has been*, or what in the nature of things *ought to be*. He gives too much to business, and too little to history and philosophy. The present monopolizes his thoughts, to the neglect of the past and the immutable. In fact, the practical part of his nature dominates over the contemplative. On the other hand, his manner of life confers and exercises that peculiar faculty which we can only describe as "fact," that instinctive insight into what is suitable at the moment, which reflection often only obscures. By continued converse with his fellow-men, he, almost unconsciously, studies their characters, and before they have spoken discerns what they think. Thus he frequently sees intuitively what course is to be followed, without, perhaps, being able to give sound philosophical reasons for its adoption.

And this is precisely the kind of education calculated to form a brilliant orator. He must have quick sympathy with his audience, scrutinize their feelings at a glance, adapt himself to them, humor their prejudices while he aims to dispel them, and vary the spirit of his address with every shifting phase of their impressions.

Now, we cannot think that the literary life is well suited to bestow these peculiar gifts. It exercises the reason, liberalizes the mind, enlarges the conception, but it does not sharpen the practical powers. The historian and the philosopher are rarely, if ever, found in perfect union with the popular orator or powerful debater. If Cicero had carried out his intention of writing the history of his country, what glowing pictures would it have contained, what magnificent portraits of Scipio and Camillus, what brilliant episodes, how little simple narrative! On the other hand, what a noble orator might Livy have been if he had discerned his proper calling, and if the Rome of his day had afforded an open field for oratorical efforts!

Burke must have been great and marvelous in whatever he attempted. But the